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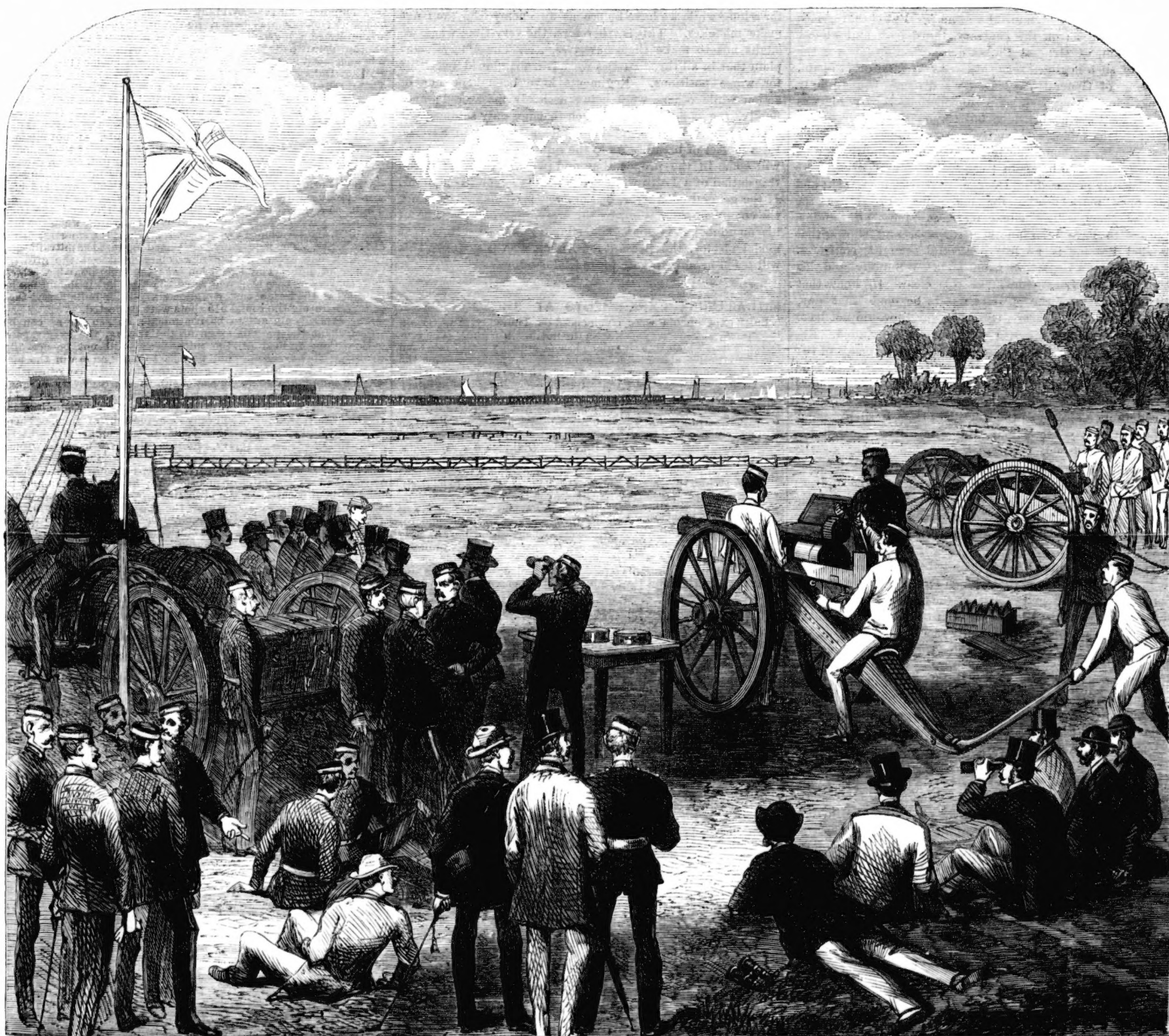
THE FRENCH MILITARY COLLAPSE.

THE collapse of the French army of the Rhine is the marvel of the day. We say "collapse" because, however or by whomsoever the fortunes of France may be retrieved, if they be retrieved at all, it is clear that the grand army which Napoleon III. was to have led to Berlin can only have a share—perhaps an insignificant share—in the work. It has not only ceased to be the army of the Rhine, it has almost ceased to be an army at all. Within a month from the declaration of war, and in less than a fortnight of the actual commencement of hostilities, at least four victories have been gained by the Germans and four grave defeats have been sustained by the French. Weissenburg and Wörth, Forbach and Metz, attest the prowess of the one side and reveal the totally unexpected and almost unaccountable weakness of the other. Men find it difficult, if not impossible, even after making every allowance for lack of strategy

and for faulty tactics, to comprehend how a military organisation seemingly so complete, and an army the mass of which was composed of such admirable materials, should have so suddenly and so utterly broken down. There must be a grave defect somewhere, and the question everyone asks is, where does that defect lie? It cannot be in the soldiers, for it is acknowledged on all hands, by foes as well as by friends, that no troops ever did, or could, fight more bravely than did those of France at Weissenburg, Wörth, and Forbach. It cannot have been in the subordinate officers, for they have fully approved their valour with their blood, as the large proportions of them killed and wounded testify. The fault, then, must lie with the heads, or with the head; with the Emperor himself, or with those to whom he immediately delegated the direction of affairs. "Lions led by asses" seems to be applicable to more armies than one.

The collapse of the Austrian military system in 1866 was

not more sudden or complete than that of the French military system in 1870. The Austrian fiasco, like our own blunders during the early part of the Crimean War, was accounted for by the rigid adherence of the authorities to an effete and rotten, and therefore ineffective, organisation. But this excuse, if it be admissible in any case, cannot be pleaded by the Emperor Napoleon and his lieutenants. They had witnessed the breakdown of our commissariat and other supply departments in the Crimea, and ought to have taken warning therefrom; and yet it seems clear that the commissariat and supply departments of the French army have proved inefficient to an unheard of degree. The want of adequate supplies of food for the men, of forage for the horses, and of ammunition for the guns, it is alleged, hindered the Emperor from carrying out the rôle he had prescribed for himself, and for which all his dispositions had been made—that of acting on the



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offensive, of being the invader—and compelled him to delay action till the tables were turned, and the intended attacking party became the attacked. But, then, why were food, forage, and ammunition lacking? and, finding they were lacking, why did not his Majesty convert the disposition of forces suited for attack into arrangements adapted for defence? Many regiments of M'Mahon's corps had, it is said, to discontinue fighting at Wörth because they had fired off all their cartridges and could procure no more; and this while opposed to those very Prussians whose admirable arrangements for keeping up a supply of ammunition had been seen in operation in 1866, and were patent to all the world, for were they not fully described by Captain Hozier and others at the time?

Then, again, the remissness of Marshal Benedek in permitting the Crown Prince of Prussia to break through the hill passes into Bohemia in 1866, and so take the Austrians in flank, ought to have warned the Emperor Napoleon and his military advisers to guard against a similar *coup* by the same leader in 1870; and yet in every encounter that has taken place between the contending armies, the French Generals have allowed themselves to be surprised and outmanœuvred. At Weissenburg, at Wörth, at Forbach, at Metz, it is the same story: the French commanders believed no enemy to be near when the enemy was actually upon them. They kept no sufficient watch, they did little or nothing in the way of reconnoitring, and they neglected that most essential element of successful warfare—careful and efficient scouting. We hear a great deal about German spies in France, but not a word about French spies in Germany. How is this? Were the French leaders so insensate as to despise information touching the movements of their adversaries? or were they so infatuated as to expect that those adversaries would wait and let them choose their own time and mode of attack? We suspect that something of both these weaknesses influenced them, and that, as might be expected, the same overweening conceit possessed the officers of all grades; for it is stated that, on an artillery officer being warned that there were German sharpshooters concealed in the woods between Spicheren and Forbach, and being advised to shell them out, his only reply was, "What does that matter? the Prussians will be beaten all the same." But the Prussians were not beaten; on the contrary, the defeat, and almost annihilation, of General Frossard's corps-d'armée was the result of such negligence as this. At Weissenburg, again, the men of General Abel Douay's division were quietly engaged in cooking their soup, unconscious that a foe was near, when the Crown Prince burst upon them. Even this lesson did not suffice, apparently, to arouse Marshal M'Mahon to a proper sense of the importance of vigilance, for he allowed himself to be again "caught napping," or at least insufficiently prepared, on the very next day, at Wörth; and was once more beaten for his pains—or rather the want of them. The engagement at Metz, on Sunday, appears to have been another surprise, and shows that Marshal Bazaine is no less neglectful than his confrères. The Emperor's departure from Metz on Sunday and his despatch from Longeville make this clear. He knew that the movement over the Moselle was to be made that day, and yet he left the army, which he surely would not have done had it been supposed that danger impended. Reconnoitring parties, he says, had reported the presence of the Prussian vanguard; but the enemy cannot have been supposed to be at hand in force, or surely an army not compelled to move would not have begun a retreat, and that across so considerable a stream as the Moselle at Metz, in such circumstances; and yet ere half the army had crossed the Prussians did attack "in great force," according to the Emperor, who says they were "repulsed with considerable losses;" in such force, according to the German account, as to drive their opponents under the fortifications, to pursue them to the very glacis, and to put 4000 of their number hors de combat. Clearly another surprise this, in whole or in part.

The result of this action is disputed; both sides claim a victory. That is to say, the French (speaking through the Emperor, for it is remarkable that the Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Bazaine, is silent) claim to have repulsed the Germans, who, however, not only remained masters of the battle-ground (a somewhat unwonted thing for a "repulsed" army to do), but chased their adversaries up to the lines of Metz, and followed them across the Moselle and on towards Verdun, and have finally driven them back into Metz—still more remarkable things for beaten troops to attempt. Further information will no doubt clear up these disparities of statement, so we need not dwell upon them now. What we wish to point out is, that the French commander either did not know that the Germans were so close to him in force when he began the retrograde movement across the Moselle, or he delayed that movement till compelled to undertake it under disadvantageous—nay, perilous—conditions. Whichever alternative be accepted, there must have been remissness, if not positive blundering.

From all this we infer that Marshal Bazaine, if he really do now possess the supreme direction of affairs in the field, is not the Heaven-sent genius who is to retrieve all the errors and misfortunes of the past. We must look for another; and, if the war last long enough, no doubt that other will arise. Great emergencies generally produce men equal to the occasion; and it is impossible to believe that France, a nation of warriors, has no man capable of guiding her armies to victory. Incompetence reduced her to as sore a plight before, and on the same battle-grounds; and genius may once

again repair her disasters as genius did aforetime: the blunders of Napoleon III. in 1870 may be retrieved as those of Custine were retrieved by Hoche and Pichegru in 1793. Only there must be a change of men and a change of measures; there must be more skilful strategy, better organisation, greater vigilance, and more prompt action than have heretofore obtained, ere the marvel shall cease to be seen of an enterprise failing from lack of preparation, to preparing for which four precious years and unlimited means were devoted, and of a system of military organisation collapsing which was vaunted and believed to be the most perfect in Europe.

The following passages from the journal of M. Edmond About, which has been published since the above remarks were written, confirm our views in every particular, and throw considerable light on the causes of the disasters that have overtaken the arms of France. M. About says:—

"The officers, the soldiers, and the citizens who have been brought into contact with the army, unanimously complain of the ignorance and infatuation of its leaders. While the youngest cadet of the enemy's army thoroughly understands French topography, our Generals are wholly unacquainted with their own country. The little square maps which they have recently distributed are nothing but 'chiffons dérisoires,' and the chart of the Etat-Major, of which there are too few examples, is so far from being up to the mark that a strategical road which has been completed more than five years, is not even noticed in it. . . . "In Lorraine as in Alsace, the inhabitants were placed at the disposal of the military authorities; but their services were refused with supreme disdain. The French army would not enlighten itself, and would not allow that others should enlighten it. It pretended to be sufficient for itself, and the event has shown how that pretension was founded. . . . "Most of our chiefs have acquired the art of war in Africa against the Arabs, who are the worst tacticians in the world. They are convinced that victory is certain, that time is of little value, and that they may easily remedy their own mistakes and profit by those of the enemy. The last fifteen days of the last month idly lost have transformed the campaign of Prussia into the campaign of France. Four days still more foolishly employed in celebrating the pretended victory of Saarbrück, brought about the defeat of Forbach. For the first time for a long while we have before us an enemy who does not make mistakes. This is, therefore, the very time when we ought not to make them ourselves. . . . The officers complain that in all three battles we have abandoned excellent for worse positions. Regiments have been kept out of action while others were being uselessly massacred; and, finally, the commissariat is such that not only soldiers, but captains, have been begging from door to door in Saverne for a morsel of bread. As to the supreme chief, his account will come in the proper time and place. Emperor is the translation of a Latin word which means general-conqueror. If the general-conqueror, or Emperor, is conquered, it is not the enemy, or the nation, or the army, that deprives him of his mandate; it is logic and simple grammar. It is that model elector, the peasant of Alsace, who is saying, 'This will teach us how to vote for official candidates.'"

MITRAILLEUSE EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBOURNNESS.

SOME experiments were commenced on Thursday, Aug. 11, on the Marsh, at Shoeboourness, with the mitrailleuse gun. The prominence into which this singular piece of gunnery has of late been forced naturally attracted a large number of spectators—not the holiday-seekers who often go down to witness sensational trials, but critical and able representatives of every branch of military science. Not only were there army and navy officers connected with our own services, but gentlemen who had been commissioned to watch the proceedings by the American, Belgian, and Prussian Governments. The experiments were directed by a special committee composed of Colonel E. Wray, C.B., R.A., president; Colonel G. Shaw, R.A.; Captain the Hon. F. Foley, R.N.; Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Fletcher, of the Scots Fusilier Guards; Captain Noble, R.A.; and Lieutenant-Colonel H. Heyman, R.A., who acted as secretary. The immediate conduct of the experiments was, as usual, intrusted to Captain Alderson and Captain Ellis, of Shoeboourness; Colonel Wolff, in the absence of the commandant, being in charge of the ground. The first investigation was as to the powers of the mitrailleuse as compared with an ordinary twelve-pounder breech-loader, and the new nine-pounder bronze Indian muzzle-loading field-piece. At a distance of 800 yards from the firing-ground thirty-nine-foot wooden screens, or targets, were placed in close juxtaposition. They were painted black, and upon them cavalry and infantry (full size) were marked out in red and white outlines. From the point of fire it was impossible to discern these objects, but large white spots in the centre of the figure sufficed for the purpose of aim. The new gun was thus tested upon 150 mimic infantry and ninety cavalry.

Great eagerness was at the beginning manifested to inspect the mitrailleuse itself, so that the "attention" bugle had to sound more than once before the hint it gave was heeded. As the mitrailleuse stood upon its carriage it strongly resembled the ordinary light field-pieces between which it was placed. Closer acquaintance, however, disclosed the vastness of the difference. Instead of the single aperture which forms the common bore, there are thirty-seven chambers, each about half an inch in diameter. Although they seem at first sight to have been bored into the solid metal, they are actually thirty-seven independent hexagonal steel barrels, beautifully fitted together, and soldered into a thin external wrought-iron outer casing. The machinery at the breech, though complex, is marvellously perfect. There is a movable breast-piece worked by a lever, and containing a spiral spring, and a striker for each of the thirty-seven barrels. The cartridges are brought up to the gunner in a steel breechplate, whose bores exactly correspond with those of the gun. This cartridge case is dropped down into its place much in the same way as a photographer drops his prepared plate previous to taking the likeness. The breech is then closed, and the lever secures it. The piece is fired by working the handle communicating with and controlling the spiral spring, which in its turn controls the thirty-seven strikers. The cartridges can be fired singly, slowly or rapidly, or all at once, and in a second of time. The removal of the discharged plate and the substitution of a full one, unless a hitch occurs, occupies five seconds. A continuous fire at the rate of ten discharges per minute can be maintained, giving 370 shots per minute. The bullet is conical, about an inch long, and 600 grains in weight. The piece, therefore, is able to hurl forth 31 lb. of lead every minute. There is so little recoil that it can either be fired continuously at the same object, or receive a variable direction by

means of a horizontal or mowing movement. Under any circumstances the shower of bullets is scattered, but by the movement indicated the gun can be made to cover a very wide front. The mitrailleuse is effective up to 1000 yards. The technical description of the machine is this:—Weight, 400 lbs.; number of barrels, 37; calibre, .534 in.; riding, Metford; bullet, hardened, weight, 600 grains; charge of powder, 115 grains; cartridge, Boxer, or solid metallic, as may be preferred; rapidity of fire, ten rounds (equal to 370 shots per minute); mean absolute deviation at 500 yards, 31 in.; mean angle of elevation at 500 yards, 1 deg. 24 sec.; mean absolute deviation, 800 yards, 51 in.; mean angle of elevation at 800 yards, 2 deg. 5 sec.; mean angle of elevation at 1000 yards, 2 deg. 35 sec. It is understood that this gun is an embodiment of, and an improvement, so far as the mechanical action goes, upon the French mitrailleuse. The correct name of the gun at Shoeboourness is the "Christophi-Montigny."

The range was taken by firing a single cartridge. The intention of the subsequent work was to fire six rounds in two minutes. It was obviously impossible to move the targets to the front, therefore the advance of an attacking force could only be represented by the gun taking up a series of positions and firing in succession against time at each distance. The cartridges selected unfortunately turned out to be defective. For such a weapon they should be faced with metal instead of paper, and the penalty of using the latter was an interruption to the working. Twice it was found that two or three portions of cartridges had stuck in the base of the barrels, and corresponding cartridges had accordingly to be removed from the incoming plate which contained the new charge. Hence, when the two minutes had expired, five rounds only had been fired, and some time was wasted afterwards in the tedious operation of picking the spent cartridges out of the piece. After the first discharge there was a rush across the marsh to see the amount of execution that had been done, and the officers on duty took elaborate markings of every shot. So far as we could count there were hits which would have sent 110 men to their account. More mischief had been expected. The ordinary field-pieces, following with shrapnels, certainly did far less harm, although when they did make a hole through the object there was no mistake about it. Counting the men supposed to be killed and wounded, however, the mitrailleuse proved the most formidable weapon. A second trial at the same range gave about 160 hits, and a third at 600 yards 127. When the handle was pulled briskly the report resembled a sharp volley, while a slower movement made the sound resemble file-firing. The mechanical action of the gun appeared to be all that could be desired, but the trials cannot be thoroughly effective until a better cartridge is provided.

The experiments were resumed on Friday, the 12th. Once more the defects of the cartridges interfered with the mechanical action, and that is a serious matter when we remember that rapidity of firing is urged as one of the peculiar advantages of the weapon. The mitrailleuse was brought into action at the opening of the practice, at a range of 400 yards, with a total of 178 hits in the five rounds. The time, as on the previous day, was limited to two minutes. The firing was slow, after the manner of file-firing; and the gun, by means of the apparatus at the breech, was moved slowly from left to right, so as to cover the 270 ft. of targeting. One hundred and seventy-eight hits out of 185 shots were not bad work; and it was better, no doubt, than could have been accomplished if the three men who are necessary to the working of the piece had been potting away with the snider. To this succeeded some practice with the breech-loader (12-pounder) and the Indian field-piece (9-lb. muzzle-loader) with case shot. These canisters of bullets did much mischief where they took effect, and the pieces were so well handled that nine rounds were fired with the 12-pounder, and as many as eleven with the other, in the allotted two minutes. The remainder of the day was devoted to a repetition of the previous experiments, but not against time. This deliberate practice was enjoined in order to eliminate failures due to premature or bad fuses, or other unforeseen causes. At 400 yards the mitrailleuse fired five rounds in 3 min. 50 sec., the result being 177 hits out of 185 shots. At 500 yards 172 hits were produced by the same number of rounds, the time being 2 min. 55 sec. At 600 yards the hits were 170, and the time 1 min. 55 sec. A volley was then fired at 800 yards, when the hits were 106, and the time 1 min. 45 sec. This was the smartest firing of the series. The field-guns were pitted against the mitrailleuse, but with one exception the new-comer produced the greatest number of hits. The exception was the nine-pounder, which with charges of case shot registered 236 hits; but it should not be overlooked that each case contains sixty-three bullets, and that therefore during the round 515 shots were projected.

The experiments are to be continued; but, so far as can be perceived at the present stage of the testing, the extravagant anticipations formed of the mitrailleuse will not be speedily realised. Its advent does not promise to mark an era in the history of modern warfare, nor can the invention be reasonably likened in importance (as it has been) to the discovery of gunpowder. As a connecting link between small-arms and field-pieces it will, no doubt, prove so valuable that its adoption by the English Government will only be a question of time. There is, we should imagine, hardly a limit to the service it might be made to fulfil as an auxiliary, and it is said there is already some talk of introducing it into the Navy. The freedom it enjoys from recoil has suggested the very novel idea of utilising it for offensive purposes in the maintops of men-of-war; and, as the gun may be used without a carriage, the proposition is, to say the least, plausible. It is freely whispered that the French mitrailleuse has not proved so murderous as the memorable telegrams from Saarbrück represented it to be. The probabilities are that, if it failed, it was through inferiority of construction. The gun at Shoeboourness was made at Liège, and was produced under the supervision of Major Fosbery, to whom much of the credit of its improvement is due.

SOCIETY FOR AID TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.—There are, by the last accounts, thousands of wounded near Metz, in Alsace, and on the banks of the Rhine, and the above society make an urgent appeal to all to contribute according to their means to relieve the dreadful necessity of the moment. Contributions of £5 or more should be paid to the credit of the society, with Messrs. Coutts and Company. Smaller amounts to the secretary (Capt. J. C. Burgess), at 2, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square. All London and provincial bankers are requested to open accounts, and to receive and transmit subscriptions to Messrs. Coutts and Company. The central committee requests that committees may be at once formed in every town to collect subscriptions, and pay them into the bankers; also to collect contributions in kind and forward them to the society's store at 2, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London. It is requested that lists of contents may accompany each package. The South-Eastern; the London, Chatham, and Dover; the South-Western, and Great Eastern Railway Companies have consented to convey all members of the society's staff, and material, free of charge.

ONE HUNDRED EMIGRANTS BURNED TO DEATH.—A very sad occurrence is reported at Rio de Janeiro—namely, the burning of an emigrant-ship and the consequent loss of over one hundred passengers on board. The details of this terrible catastrophe are given by the captain of the French barque *Adèle Louise*, who succeeded in saving some persons from the ill-fated vessel—the *Manin Barravino*—on its way from Genoa for Montevideo, with 130 passengers and a crew of 21. It appears that on July 27, about 9 p.m., being abreast of Rio de Janeiro, the *Adèle Louise* sighted the *Barravino* in flames, some distance astern, and at once went to her assistance. What followed is described by the *Telegrafo Marittimo*:—"The spectacle presented by the burning ship was extremely awful; the cries of passengers, the flames leaping out on all sides, the women shrieking frantically, some of them jumping overboard, others holding on to the chains and bow of the vessel, formed a scene of disaster and confusion that baffles description. One boat that was lowered was speedily filled with people crowding into her, and went down. It was almost impossible to render assistance, but the barque succeeded in taking off eight persons, including the captain and mate. The schooner *Mary*, from London transhipped to the *Adèle Louise*. The remainder, about 125 in number, perished." It seems that the conflagration broke out in the chimney of the cooking-galley and spread to a large quantity of chairs that formed part of the cargo. The passengers and crew immediately became panic-stricken, and, in the absence of discipline, the captain was unable to take effective measures to suppress the flames or save the lives of those on board.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

In the Chamber, on Tuesday, General the Count Palikao announced that a fresh army, under the sole command of Marshal Bazaine, was ready to support that of the Rhine. Forty-five thousand men left Paris on the 12th for Châlons. Volunteering is going on in Paris and throughout France with immense activity. According to the *Gaulois*, important despatches, of a nature to arouse great hopes, were received at the Ministry of War in Paris on Tuesday; but Marshal Bazaine recommended that they should be kept secret. An Imperial decree, dated Châlons, 17th inst., appoints General Trochu Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of all forces intrusted with the defence of the capital. Another Imperial decree of the 12th inst. orders that the Gardes Mobiles of the 8th and 12th Military Divisions shall be immediately joined at the chief town in each department to the contingent of which they belong.

The Cent Gardes have been broken up, and the men are to be draughted into various cavalry regiments.

Some disturbances are reported, on the authority of the French *Journal Officiel*, to have occurred at La Villette, one of the outskirts of Paris, on Sunday evening. About 200 men, armed with revolvers, are said to have attacked a post of firemen. The sentinel and a little girl were killed, and several passers-by and policemen wounded. Shouts of "Vive la République!" were raised by the rioters. The crowd were, it is declared, so exasperated by this conduct that they sided with the sergeants-de-ville, and cried out, "The fellows are Prussians. Death to the Prussians!" At this the rioters fled in all directions, pursued "for several hours" by the police and the people. The *Gaulois* states that one of the persons arrested called himself an Englishman, but spoke with a strong German accent.

Popular manifestations, accompanied by some disturbance, have been made at Toulouse, Marseilles, Limoges, and Lyons. Order is said to be entirely restored. The Department of the Bouches du Rhone, Cherbourg, L'Orient, Brest, Algeria, and Rochefort have been placed in a state of siege. The fortifications of Lyons are to be placed in a state of defence. Those of Paris are now reported to mount 600 guns in the places most liable to attack.

Advices received from Algeria state that at an assembly held by the Arab chiefs it was resolved to offer to France the services of 20,000 horsemen and 30,000 volunteers.

BELGIUM.

A telegram from Brussels says it is reported that the Empress Eugénie has sounded the Belgian Government, through the French Ambassador, with a view to ascertain if she might pass through Belgium, in case of necessity, and that an answer in the affirmative has been given to her Majesty.

SWITZERLAND.

The seat of war being now far removed from the Swiss frontier, the Federal Council have decided to dismiss to their homes two of the divisions placed on a war footing.

ITALY.

The classes of 1842 and 1843 of the first category have been called out for military service, with the exception of the men belonging to the cavalry, engineers, and military train.

In Wednesday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies Signor Lanza made the following statement:—"Events have not modified our line of policy, but have made us feel the urgency of the necessity that exists for taking the requisite measures to provide against remaining in a state of weakness and anxiety. We must also increase our forces in order to provide for the safety of the interior of the kingdom. Consequently, the Government has decided to call out two more classes of the army, and for that purpose we ask the Chamber for a credit of 40,000,000 lire, which will be furnished by the national bank. We also request permission to prohibit the export of horses."

PRUSSIA.

The Queen of Prussia is personally devoting special care to the French wounded. She has caused shirts and other small articles to be distributed among the French officers. Refreshments, cigars, &c., are distributed among the French prisoners, as well as among the Prussian troops passing through Berlin, by the ladies' committee. German ladies may be seen at the railway stations acting as secretaries to the prisoners desirous of writing home.

The official *Staatsanzeiger* announces that those articles which are admitted free of duty into the States comprised in the Customs' Union of Germany will also be admitted free of duty into those portions of France now occupied by the German army.

A telegram from Cologne announces the arrival there of several hundred German families who have been expelled from Paris. The *North German Gazette* says that Germany will not need to exercise the right of retaliation. Frenchmen, it adds, may tranquillise themselves. They, like the rest of the world, will become convinced that it is Germany which advances at the head of civilisation. The *St. Petersburg Journal* says that, to expel Germans from France is to contradict the recent proclamation in which the Emperor Napoleon declared that freedom and civilisation depended upon the success of the French army.

TURKEY.

The following modifications of the Cabinet have been made:—Mustapha Fazyl Pacha has been appointed Minister of Finance; Sadik Efeaf Edheim Pacha, Minister of Justice; and Haidar Pacha, Prefect of the capital; while Halil Pacha and Rustein Pacha have been nominated Ambassadors respectively at the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg.

THE UNITED STATES.

Government has given orders to the commander of the American squadron in European waters to send men-of-war to the Elbe and Weser to look after American interests; but has instructed him to observe the rules of the blockade.

CHINA.

A telegram from Shanghai, dated July 22, says:—"The settlement is quiet, but uneasiness still prevails. The French missionary establishment is considered unsafe. The English and French Admirals are at Tien-Tsin. It is reported that the Chinese authorities are using their utmost endeavours to persuade England and America to interfere, and avert retribution for the late massacre. The investigation into the affair is proceeding at Tien-Tsin, and strong evidence has been obtained to justify the belief that the murderous rising was directed against all foreigners."

THREE WOMEN DROWNED AT DUNFRIES.—A melancholy case of drowning occurred at Dunfries on Tuesday afternoon. Two women, named Mrs. Todd, aged fifty, and Mrs. Ferguson, aged fifty, went with Marion Todd, aged thirteen, to bathe in the tide. The girl passed beyond her depth, and her mother tried to save her, when she also slipped and got out of depth. Mrs. Ferguson then endeavoured to lend assistance, and, sad to tell, the whole three became wholly unable to help either themselves or each other. All perished. A couple of boats put off from Kingholm Quay, and one of the bodies was recovered twenty minutes after immersion. The others were found when the tide receded.

BLOCKADE OF GERMAN PORTS.—The Admiral of the French fleet in the North Sea has given notice of the blockade of the rivers Elbe, Elbe, Weser, and Jade. The blockade was to commence on the 15th, but ten days' grace will be given to neutral vessels. Notice has been forwarded to the different British Consuls. The declaration has been made in consequence of the refusal of the Governor of Heligoland to furnish a pilot for a flag of truce. The French squadron consists of eight ironclads and three smaller vessels, either steam tenders or transports. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's steamer Grimsby, arrived at that port from Hamburg, reports that torpedoes have been laid down in the Elbe right and left, and that the Germans have a number of vessels in readiness, laden with stones and sand, for the purpose of blocking the Channel. Off Heligoland, on Monday, the Grimsby saw the French fleet at anchor.

ANOTHER ALLEGED SECRET TREATY.

THE *Cologne Gazette* publishes, under the head of "further revelations," the following documents, which, it asserts, it has received from a trustworthy source:—

"I am in a position to forward to you, pledging myself for their authenticity, the text of two documents which have not yet seen the light, and which Count Benedetti had probably forgotten when he drew up the famous account in which he represented himself as writing to the dictation of Count Bismarck. I send you the original text in French of these documents."

"In the handwriting of Count Benedetti to Count Bismarck:—

"1 Copy, 4867. Private."

"My dear President,—In reply to the communications I sent from Nicolsburg to Paris, in consequence of our conversation on the 26th of last month, I have received from Vichy the project of a secret convention, a copy of which you will find accompanying this. I hasten to bring this to your knowledge that you may examine it at your leisure. I am, moreover, at your command to discuss the matter with you whenever you may consider the time convenient for doing so."

"Sunday, Aug. 5, 1866."

"BENEDETTI."

"With this note was inclosed the following proposition for a secret treaty, also in the handwriting of M. Benedetti, which has been preserved in the archives of the North German Confederation:—

"II. His Majesty, &c. . . . His Majesty, &c."

"Art. 1. The French Empire resumes possession of those portions of territory which, now belonging to Prussia, were comprised within the boundaries of France in 1814."

"Art. 2. Prussia engages to obtain from the King of Bavaria and the Grand Duke of Hesse, upon the understanding that compensations are to be provided for those Princes, the cession of the portions of territory which they now possess on the left bank of the Rhine, and to transfer their possession to France."

"Art. 3. All the provisions connecting with the Germanic Confederation the territories placed under the sovereignty of the King of the Low Countries, as well as all those relating to the right of garrisoning the fortress of Luxembourg, are annulled."

"Can it now be maintained, comparing these two documents with imaginary accounts written by MM. Benedetti and Ollivier, that they were written from pure good nature at the dictation of Count Bismarck? There is also another question. Was the document which was sent from Vichy prepared without the Emperor's knowledge? There is yet another question. Had the French Ambassador any particular reasons for inviting the Prussian Minister to examine 'at his leisure' propositions of Prussian origin? Let M. Ollivier, then, again assemble the seventy representatives of the press and prove to them that everything has been done in good faith, that Prussia has been unfortunate with her offers, and that France has been imperturbable with her refusals. However, this is really what did occur:—On the evening of Aug. 3 or 4 M. Benedetti sought to extract from Count Bismarck a formal promise of the above-mentioned concessions, adding that, if they were refused, then there would be war. M. Bismarck replied, 'Well, then, it is war.' He, however, added that he could not believe that France really seriously intended that threat, or that it desired to enforce by violence such impossible demands. M. Benedetti's reply was that he was on the point of setting out for Paris, and that, far from offering the Emperor contrary advice, he should recommend him rather to persist in his demands, as, above all things, it was necessary to preserve his dynasty. That dynasty, he added, would be lost if he did not obtain the compensation he demanded. Thus the present war is but the final accomplishment of a fixed idea which is partly due to the Empire and partly to the French people themselves."

WAR SKETCHES.

SAVERNE DURING M'MAHON'S RETREAT.

SAVERNE, to which M'Mahon retreated after his defeat at Wörth, when he found himself unable to join the bulk of the French army, is a town on the Strasbourg-Nancy Railway, on the river Zorn, and on the canal adjoining the Rhine and the Marne; but it is not now, properly speaking, a fortified place. Its ancient works, destroyed in great part in 1676, were said in old times to have formed a calendar of the year. It had as many towers as the year has weeks, and as many battlements as the year has days. Men used to say, "Zabern ist nach dem Kalender gebaut." Saverne was often besieged in its days of military power, when a war was rather a series of sieges than of battles. In the Thirty Years' War it was held alternately by the French and the Imperialists. Montecuculi attacked it in 1675. The episode most famous in its history occurred in 1525, during the celebrated "revolt of the peasants." The rebels, to the number of 20,000, were shut up in the place, and Duke Antoine of Lorraine sat down before the walls. After no great resistance the hard-pressed garrison yielded on the one condition that their lives should be spared. As usual, on such occasions they marched out and defiled without arms before their conquerors. Forgetful of promises and of the respect due to the vanquished—unmindful of their General's orders—the soldiers threw themselves on their unfortunate prisoners, and a horrible scene of carnage ensued. The poor people tried to find safety in the town, but the murderous savages pursued them into every place of refuge, nor did the slaughter cease till 16,600 bodies, encumbering the houses, the streets, the roads, and the fields, bore witness in the face of the day to the brutality that may exist in mankind.

The battle at Wörth took place on Saturday, Aug. 6; M'Mahon retired to Saverne, where he remained till the evening of the following day, and then retreated. The condition of Saverne during M'Mahon's stay there, and the extent to which some of the regiments who fought at Wörth (or Reichshoffen) were reduced by that conflict, is indicated in the following letter written by Colonel A. Bocker, of the 3rd Zouaves, to his brother. It is dated from Saverne, Aug. 7:—

Let us thank God, for He saved me yesterday from the most awful dangers that a soldier can encounter. It is a miracle that I am alive, without a scratch, and in perfect health. But my heart is broken—my heart is bursting; my poor officers—my poor soldiers! I cannot tell you of all I have lost; it would pain me too much. At a future time you shall know the names of those whom you were acquainted with, whom you loved, but whom you never will see again. Noble fellows! lions! heroes! Of sixty-five officers, forty-seven are wounded, dead, or missing. In the morning, at half-past seven, they were full of life, strength, and spirit; at two, most were no more. The unfortunate Lieutenant-Colonel Deshortier was wounded at my side by a ball point blank in the abdomen. I was just able to shake his hand and bid him good-by as they carried him off. He will probably die this evening in the hands of the Prussians. The two commanders, Charnes and Pariset, were killed. Morland (the third chef de bataillon) is dead, if he is not a prisoner. Saint Sauveur was so badly wounded that I have little hope of him. By great exertion I had him removed to an ambulance. A ball went through his breast. He was splendid. Pierron was killed outright. Alas! alas! it is better to tell you of the survivors—those who are here with me—Hervé, St. Marc, Paymorin, Revin, d'Aiguillon. All the rest are in the hands of God. The same tale of my sub-officers. The three Adjutants, almost all my Sergeant-Majors, dead. Of my poor sappers, so good, so true, there are five left. Tiquet and Salomon, who were with the baggage, have been sabred or made prisoners. My horses must have been captured there. My poor black horse was killed under St. Marc, to whom I lent him, his own having been killed before. Of all I possessed, I have only what is on my body and 70f. in my pocket. All my baggage, that of the Marshal himself, and of the whole army, was taken in the evening. I have no longer anything. But what of that, when, with a full heart and tears in my eyes, I think of those I have lost? We fought like lions—35,000 against 100,000, who finished up by surrounding us on all sides. General Colson killed, Robert de Vogüé killed, Alfred de Gramont, the Duke's brother, with his left arm carried away. The other corps d'armée did not suffer as much as we, but almost as much. Marshal M'Mahon was admirable; he did all that was possible for man to do, but he was not in strength to resist 100,000 men, with artillery three times as numerous as his own. Still we must have worked frightful havoc amongst the enemy, and that, no doubt is the reason why he did not pursue us more vigorously. If he did it would have been a terrible disaster. As it was, it was only too great.

The fight began at half-past seven in the morning, after a night of pelting rain, which came down upon us, without tents, without fires, and in the mud. The day before we accomplished seventy kilometres in twenty-four hours. The distance from the field of battle to Saverne is fully thirty-six kilometres. We made that distance in the night, *pèle-mêle*, without resting or sleeping.

Since I left Africa I have not changed linen or clothes. If you saw me you would not recognise me. I have not washed or shaved for five days. I am tanned; I am hideous. If you knew how little I care for all this; how I thank God, and how I would thank him still more if he had spared my poor friends. Ah! war is too terrible a scourge. We must have a compelled rest. I have with me but 500 or 600 Zouaves, without sacks, without tents, without effects, and without provisions. But they have their arms, and they do not complain. Deprived of officers and subalterns, it would be impossible to lead us to battle. It is probable that we shall be ordered to Strasbourg to recruit ourselves. The cash-box of the regiment and the accounts have been taken. We have in fact, to be reconstituted as a regiment. If they do not make me a General I shall be allowed some rest with the remnant of my brave Zouaves. Colonel Gandil, of the Turcos, and his Lieutenant-Colonel, also escaped by a miracle. The Marshal was most kind to me; he shook me by the hand, and made all kinds of compliments. He must be very unhappy, but he is not discouraged. In the entire camp, for we are a league from Saverne, I could find only this sheet of paper and pencil; but I do not write very much at my ease, stretched on the grass, where I shall spend the night. Saint-Sauveur has been attended to, lamented and admired by all. God grant that he may recover! but his wound is very serious. His suffering is frightful—horrible. My unfortunate Lieutenant-Colonel, Deshortier, had strange presentiments. M. Gauguin will prepare his daughter; he will write that his wound is severe, but that she must not despair. Unhappily, I can give no further details, as this lamented friend was taken by the enemy with the whole ambulance. I have been told that Colonel Krien and his Lieutenant-Colonel have been seriously wounded and taken prisoners. What blood! what tears! what mourning! and yet 'tis merely the beginning!

The following picture of Saverne, on Saturday, the 6th, is from the pen of M. Edmond About, who, after having been lost sight of upwards of a week, has turned up safe and sound in his native place:—

I found the little town in a tremendous panic. Marshal M'Mahon arrived here on Saturday evening, followed by the remains of his army, and preceded by a number of runaways out of breath. In the wink of an eye Saverne was seen full of soldiers of the 1st Corps, who the enemy very luckily believed to have retired upon Biche. They quartered themselves wherever it was possible, the most fortunate among the inhabitants; those who had brought their knapsacks and encampments under tents, many on the pavement of the streets and in the fields in the open air. The night was passed in sleep. If the enemy could have profited by the opportunity they might have made ten or fifteen thousand prisoners at one coup. The men were so tired that their officers had not the severity to send any on vedette. The officers said, "What should we do if we were surprised? We should appear on horseback in a single line, and get ourselves killed before our troops. But, after the things which they have done to-day, it would be absurd and cruel to ask them to do any more." The population was only half reassured by the presence of the troops, dispirited, discomforted, and hungry. Some families went off by the mail-train at mid-day, the last which could go from Strasbourg to Paris. Others regained confidence in listening to the officers, who kept saying, more from habit than conviction, "You have nothing to be afraid of while we are here." But on Sunday, at six o'clock, upon a false alarm caused by the arrival of the 5th Corps, the Duc de Magenta had the *général* beat, and Saverne believed itself lost. While the officers and soldiers threw themselves on the road to Phalsbourg, three quarters of the inhabitants utterly lost themselves and rushed into the neighbouring woods. The example—a sad example—was given them by the gendarmes and the sergeants-de-ville. They shut the shops, threw their furniture into the gutters; many of the farmers drove their beasts before them as in the time of Abraham. There was an incredible accumulation of men and beasts in the wood houses and the ruins of the old country mansions. This morning all is quiet in the town, or, rather, all is dead. We expect the invasion from one minute to the other, and we shall not dream of defending ourselves against the 150,000 men of the Prince Royal.

EXCITEMENT IN PARIS ON AUG. 6.

As we stated last week, great excitement was caused in Paris on Saturday, Aug. 6, by an announcement that the fortress of Landau, in the Palatinate, had been captured by the French, and flags were displayed from the houses in the principal streets in honour of the victory. Much indignation was felt when it was discovered that the news was unfounded. A crowd assembled in the Place Vendôme, and called for the Minister of Justice. M. Ollivier appeared on a balcony, assured the people that the author of the false report had been arrested, and promised that all news should be communicated as soon as it arrived, except such as related to the movements of troops. The Council of Ministers afterwards issued a proclamation stating that the Government was taking the most energetic measures to prevent a repetition of the abominable trick by which the people had been so excited, and calling upon them to be calm, as disturbances in Paris would be a victory for the Prussians. The scene at the Bourse is thus described by an eye-witness:—"We threaded our way towards the Place de la Bourse, and found the national tricolour floating from most of the windows, which were crowded by excited men and women. The streets were most animated. It was about three o'clock. The commercial world had all come out to hear details of so great a victory over the Prussians that it was supposed to herald the end of the war. In the open spaces and streets which surround the Bourse there must have collected some ten thousand of the commercial classes. There were no blouses. There was no shouting. Groups of men were collected in dense knots, earnestly conversing and throwing up their arms, evidently wonderfully happy and excited. The many broad steps of the Bourse building presented one black mass of human beings, whose voices kept up a sort of rolling wave-like sounds, such as come from a troubled sea. It was a little after three o'clock when, with great difficulty, we got inside the building to verify the famous despatch. The first person we met was an agent of the house of Rothschild. 'Well, is it true?' 'True, no! At least, there is no despatch stuck up inside. We are all deceived.' We now met a tide of anxious brokers, with long faces. They all called out for Government assurances one way or the other. Every house in the square was decorated with flags. At least, people believed in the victory. The omnibuses had put up flags. Ten thousand citizens were asking each other, 'Is it true? Have we really gained a victory?' After which the police commissary of the quarter appeared, heralded by three flags. He put himself on the upper step of the Bourse entrance, and, in a loud voice, shouted, 'No official news has reached the Government from the seat of war. Be calm!' This announcement went through the mob with electric rapidity. There was now a sadness on most men's faces. 'What, then, was it all a Bourse humbug?' The excitement of the crowd was such that the voices of many thousands at the Bourse brought streams of people to the vicinity, and it became impossible to move about."

WOUNDED SOLDIERS ARRIVING AT METZ.

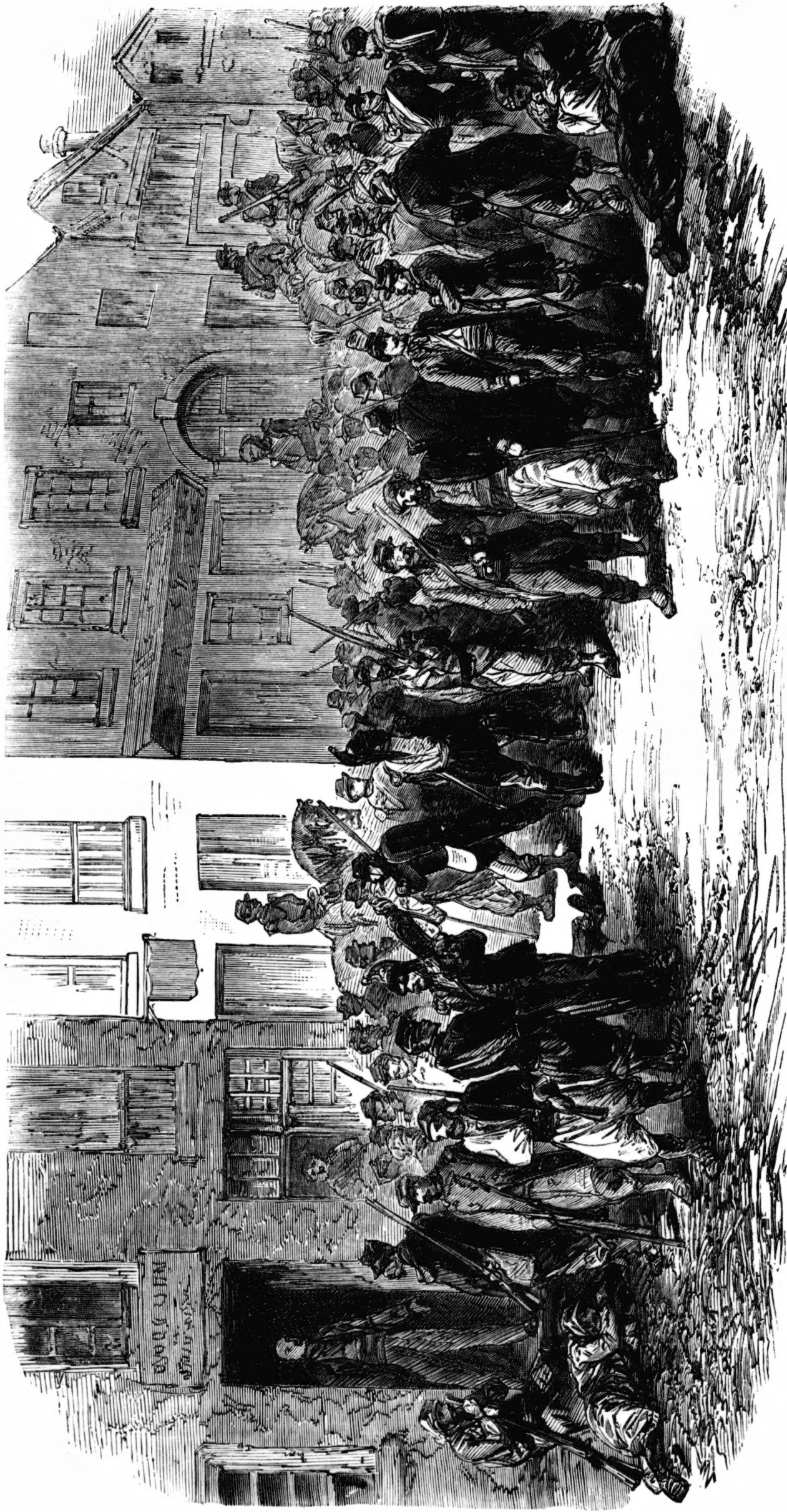
Once more we publish some illustrations which, though they are pictorial records of the war, are but fleeting memorials of the swift progress of events during this fierce and strenuous conflict. But yesterday the whole interest was concentrated at Metz, and the population there was as nothing to the multitude of armed men which invested every portion of the great stronghold, and made their camps in the squares and broad streets about the fortifications. There, at the railway station, a crowd assembled to receive the first wounded soldiers who came in from the battle of Wissembourg; there the stricken warriors who had escaped from Wörth were received with sympathy that had in it but little triumph. Our Engraving, taken from a sketch made only a few days ago, shows the scene on the arrival of the heroes whose praises are spoken by their opponents, but who were sacrificed to incompetent leadership. To-day Metz itself is deserted by the army, left to the keeping of a smaller garrison, confided to the bravery or the patient determination of a few, while the great army is on its way backwards to Châlons, where, if it make a stand, it will only be to guard the road to the capital, and, if possible, to repeat the historical events that followed Jemappes, with a national army fighting for honour and the country. It is not to Metz, but to Bar-le-Duc, that the last wounded soldiers of the Empire have been forwarded, and by the time these words are printed, it may be far even from that station where men are forwarded by train from Metz and Nancy that we are to seek our illustrations of the war.

AMBULANCE FOR THE AID OF THE WOUNDED LEAVING PARIS.
Throughout the history of the present war the accounts of the march of armed men, the fierce onslaught of regiments, the fire, and smoke, and carnage, have been relieved by the occasional notice of one devoted band of non-combatants who have yet been on the battle-fields often exposed to the bullets of the contending troops, but whose mission it has been to save and to comfort the wounded. For the past ten years there has been a growing conviction that if war and its horrors cannot be altogether

terminated, they may at least be mitigated by the efforts of men and women who, while they deplore the illogical attitude of nations striving to establish a moral right by an exhibition of physical force, accept the duty of ameliorating the miseries produced by such an absurd position. The society for the aid of the wounded has been seen on the battle-fields of Weissenburg and Worth, just as it was seen at Koniggratz and the scenes of the terrible conflicts in the last German war; just as the kindred association in the United States was seen doing its heavenly offices on the plains where the American armies were gathered in the

War of Secession. This, at least, is a work in which nations may join in a grand protest against their own passions, in a silent condemnation of unjust and cruel aggression, in a warning to conquerors not to forget their humanity in the brute triumph of success. It has been said that after the battle of Worth even some of the ministers of mercy belonging to the association have been fired upon by the half-savage peasantry; but this must surely have been in error. The meaning of that sign of the red cross on the white ground which marked this glorious brotherhood and sisterhood could not have found its way so far as the Vosges or

the outlying districts of Lorraine, or surely no such outrage could have happened. It was not so in Paris, when the sketch from which our illustration is taken was made. The first ambulance of this society which left the French capital for the theatre of war was sent on its way with acclamations and the blessings of the people, as it went on its way from the headquarters of the association at the Palais de l'Industrie, and the treasury of the association at the office of M. Alphonse de Rothschild, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, was as popular that day as any monetary establishment in Paris. The staff of the first



SAVERNE DURING M'MAHON'S RETREAT.

ambulance in this glorious troop was composed of fourteen surgeons and sixteen students from the hospitals, under the direction of Dr. Liegeois; and the second, under the direction of M. Marc Sie, was equally well equipped, while the third and the fourth followed as soon as the organization could be completed. We have all heard of the perfection to which the means for helping the wounded on the field of battle was brought during the war between Prussia and Austria, and this organization has been completed during the present conflict. The Prussian army has such a large corps of surgeons, assistants, volunteer nurses, and Protestant sisters of mercy in this service that the great regiment for healing and saving is a prominent feature in the army for slaughter and de-

struction. Light hand-carriages, trucks, litters, waggons containing slung hammocks, carts with medical stores; knapsacks, with lint, and bandages, and cordials; cases of medicines and restoratives—all are ready; and steadily, with great and serious purpose, the army of relief and rescue march after the army of pain and captivity. At present Germany is foremost in this good work; but it may be hoped that the representatives of these two nations may meet on the battle-field in generous rivalry, and, in the name of that symbol of Christian faith which they have adopted, may emulate each other in the holy mission that they have undertaken. Meanwhile we, too, may do something by forwarding lint, bandages, medical comforts, or money to the Inter-

national Association, a branch of which is now in active operation in London.

A RECONNOITRING PARTY OF FRENCH DRAGOONS.

Some of the skirmishes which have made the small events of the war have been sharp and deadly affairs, and it would seem that the Prussian commanders have more than once consented to sacrifice a company or two of Uhlans in order to draw the French troops on a false scent and keep the foe harassed and uneasy without result. Along the level roads about Metz and in the avenues leading to the different villages the cavalry companies appointed to the duty of reconnoitring have had a hard time of it, and the dragoons especially, who are best adapted to

this duty, have been severely exercised. The French dragoon, however, is well up to his work; alert, active, and yet formidable in a charge, useless as his dash and energy have proved against the masses of German infantry armed with the needle-gun. The 11th Regiment, a detachment of which is represented in our engraving, has done hard service during the war, and is among the crack corps of the Imperial army.

FRENCH MITRAILLEUSES AT SARRERUCK.

The operation of that terrible instrument the mitrailleuse, which was to effect such destruction, has, after all, been very much overstated. On the first engagement at Sarreruck (represented in our engraving),

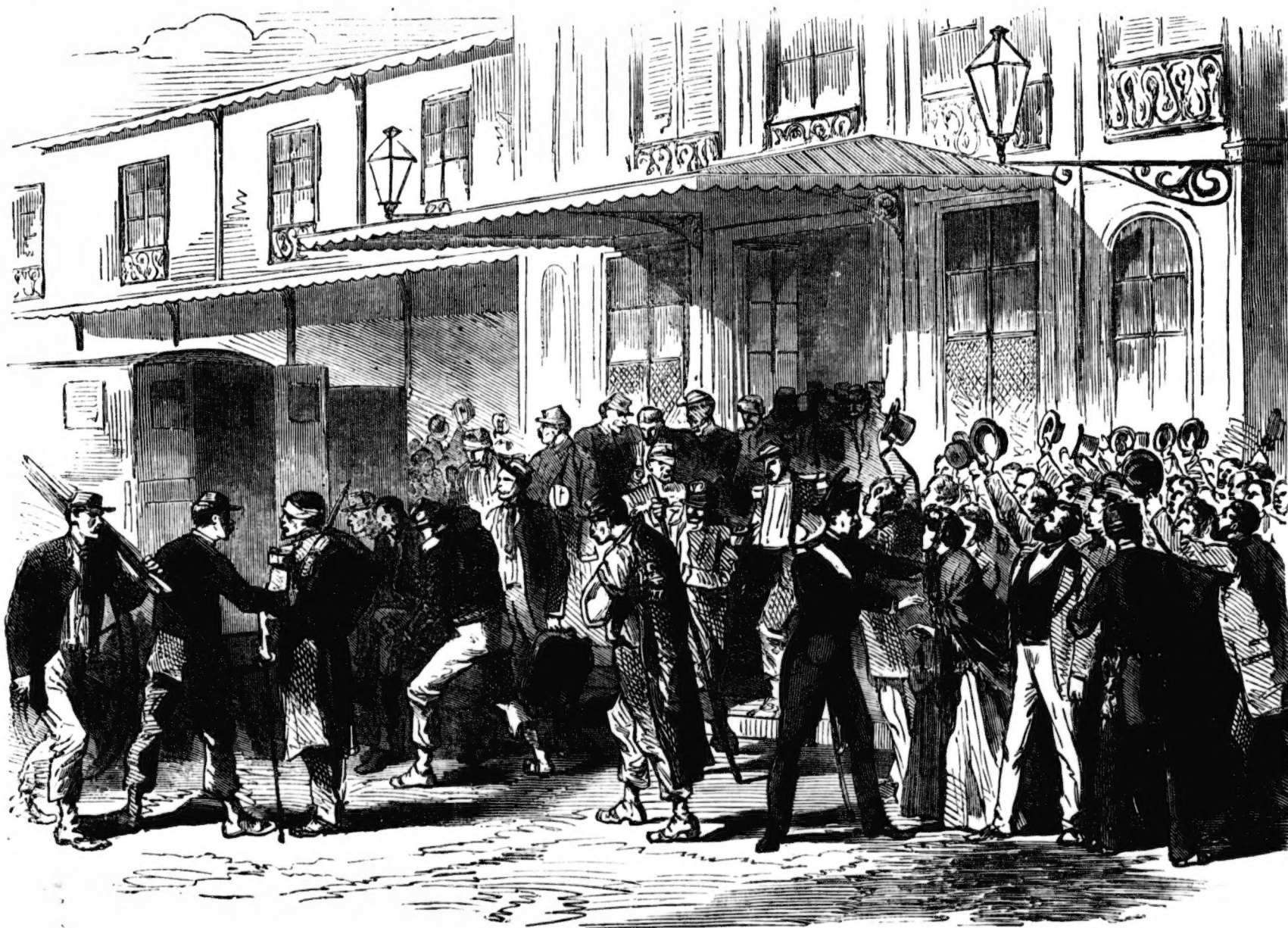


SCENE AT THE BOURSE, PARIS, ON AUG. 6.

at which the Prince Imperial received that "baptism of fire" that has been the subject of such frequent allusions, the infernal machines gave grievous wounds and made some gaps in the companies of soldiers against which they were directed. It would

have been strange indeed if an engine firing off three dozen conical bullets apiece had not done great execution, especially when more than one of the instruments operated at the same time and the disk containing the cartridges could be replaced eight times a

minute; but, considering how fearful this calculation looks, the execution of the machine was happily inadequate—happily, that is, for human life, when we remember that at Reischaffen the Prussians also brought their mitrailleuses into play.



ARRIVAL OF A CONVOY OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION METZ.

THE WAR.

CONFLICT BEFORE METZ.

FIGHTING took place before Metz on Sunday, the results of which are disputed, both sides claiming victory. The German official report says:—

"On Sunday, the 14th inst., at about four in the afternoon, our advanced guard before Metz believed they saw signs of a retrograde movement of the French corps which was still encamping under protection of the fortress. Without delay the brigade of General Goltz attacked the rear-guard of General Decaen's corps, formerly the corps of Marshal Bazaine, and succeeded in engaging it in such a severe encounter that the whole corps and some detachments of the troops under General Frossard were obliged to hasten to the front to its assistance. General Glumer then led his 2nd Brigade, of East Saxons, at once to the front, and the divisions of Generals Kameke and Wrangel opportunely engaged in the fight on the left wing, and ultimately drove back the enemy on all points behind the works of the fortress. In the mean time, the French corps under General Ladmirault had endeavoured to fasten upon the right flank of the 1st Army Corps, but was attacked by General Manteuffel's reserves, who advanced to the beat of the drum, and, storming successively the positions held by different detachments of the enemy, drove them back into the fortress in an equally decisive manner as in other parts of the field. The troops of this wing pushed on as far as Bellecroix and Borny, within range of the advanced forts. This morning His Majesty the King made a reconnaissance of the battle-field, and inspected the arrangements made for the safe removal of the Prussian and French wounded. From the Prussian outposts, occupying the same ground as before the battle, and from the most elevated spots around, nothing could be seen of the enemy on the right bank of the Moselle. Thick clouds of dust which were visible on the opposite side of the river lead to the conclusion that the bulk of the army has withdrawn."

King William sent the following despatch to the Queen, dated Hertz, Aug. 15, 7.30 p.m.:—"I returned from the field of battle at Metz at three o'clock to-day. The advanced guard of the 7th Army Corps attacked the retreating enemy at about five o'clock yesterday evening. The latter made a stand, and was reinforced gradually by troops from the fortress. The 13th Division and a part of the 14th supported the advanced guard, as also parts of the 1st Army Corps. A very bloody fight ensued along the whole line, and the enemy was thrown back at all points. The pursuit was continued up to the glacis of the outworks. The nearness of the fortress allowed the enemy in many instances to secure his wounded. After our wounded had been secured the troops marched to their old bivouacs at dawn. The troops have all fought with incredible and admirable energy, and also with enthusiasm. I have seen many, and have thanked them heartily. The rejoicing is really affecting. I have just spoken to Generals Steinmetz, Zastrow, and Manteuffel."

The chief ground for claiming the action at Metz as a French victory, which has been the subject of much rejoicing in Paris and elsewhere, is the following telegram from the Emperor to the Empress:—

"Longeville, Aug. 14, 10.10 Evening.

"The army has commenced passing to the left bank of the Moselle. This morning our reconnaissances did not discover the presence of any corps; but when half our army had got over the river, the Prussians made an attack in great force. After a fight of four hours, they were repulsed with great loss."

"NAPOLEON."

It is curious to note that of this document, which was extensively placarded on the walls of Paris on Sunday night, as if to give the people something pleasant for the Napoleon fête-day, Monday, significantly varying readings are given. As thus:—

"Longeville, Sunday, 10 p.m.

"The French army commenced to cross over to the left bank of the Moselle. This morning reconnoitring parties announced the presence of the Prussian vanguards. When one half of the army had crossed, the Prussians attacked in great force, and, after a fight which lasted four hours, were repulsed with considerable losses."

The point of the difference, as will be seen, lies in the words we have italicised, as though the last version was intended to smooth down the fact of a surprise confessed in the first. The action was probably simply an affair between the French rear and the German advance guards—the latter striving to hinder the retreat, and the former fighting to protect the movements of the bulk of the army. As regards this action, a contemporary says:—"Now that the accounts of the battle at Metz have placed its conditions and incidents in a pretty clear light, we may ask why it was fought at all. The Prussians were the attacking party; but it takes two to make a quarrel, and it is by no means evident why the French should have stood to fight when they might have fallen back within the lines of Metz, as they were bound to do ultimately, and as they actually did after they had lost 4000 men. They had nothing to gain by fighting. If they had maintained their ground and beaten the Germans, they were under the all-prevailing necessity of retreat, and must have withdrawn from the battle-field just the same. No victory which they could have gained there would have reversed the dictate which required them to leave Metz and cross the Moselle. Their heavy loss is, therefore, so much strength thrown away; for, although the Germans may have suffered as much as they did, yet one or two battles fought with equal losses on both sides would soon leave the Germans free to march into Paris. It would seem that the battle was fought by the French in obedience to some personal or political requirement, and not upon military considerations. The Emperor has left Marshal Bazaine's army, and gone to Châlons by way of Verdun and Rheims. Thus, at all events, he is not now exercising the active command of the army of the Rhine."

FIGHTING BETWEEN METZ AND VERDUN.

Desperate fighting took place on Tuesday between Metz and Verdun. The French were retiring on the latter place, en route for Châlons, when the Germans attacked them, with the view of preventing the movement and driving Bazaine back upon Metz, in which object they seem to have succeeded; though the French claim to have repulsed their assailants. If, however, the statement in the German official despatch be correct, the palm of victory must rest with King William's troops, who have accomplished the object aimed at. The German report, dated Pont-a-Moussin, Aug. 17, says:—"Marshal Bazaine, whilst retreating from Metz to Verdun, was attacked, at nine a.m. on the 16th, by the 5th Brandenburg division (the same which was victorious in the battle of Saarbrück), and was stopped on his march. Our troops showed heroic courage, being opposed by four French corps d'armée, including the Imperial Guard, who fought well and were ably led. Our troops were only reinforced after six hours' fighting, by the arrival of the 10th Corps d'Armée. The losses on both sides are considerable, but our success is complete, as the French have been prevented from continuing their movement of retreat, and have been driven back to Metz. They have lost 2000 prisoners, two eagles, and seven cannon. The enemy has violated the Convention of Geneva, as they fired on ambulances and surgeons."

An earlier German despatch is in these terms:—"On Tuesday Lieutenant-General Alvensleben advanced with three army corps westward of Metz, on the road of the enemy's retreat towards Verdun. A bloody fight took place between the divisions of Generals Decaen, Ladmirault, Frossard, Canrobert, and the Imperial Guard, and our 10th Corps, successively supported by portions of the 8th and 9th Corps, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles. Notwithstanding the great superiority of the enemy, they were driven back to Metz, after a hot fight lasting twelve hours. The loss of infantry, cavalry, and artillery on both sides is very considerable. On our side, Generals von Doering and von Wedel have been killed, and Generals von Raut and von

Gruber wounded. His Majesty the King greeted the troops on Wednesday on the field of battle upon the glorious manner in which they had retained possession of the ground."

On the other hand, a despatch from Marshal Bazaine, dated Wednesday, four p.m., but without saying where from, was published in Paris on Thursday. This despatch is in these terms:—

"During the whole of yesterday (that is, Tuesday) I have been fighting a battle between Doncourt and Vionville. The enemy has been repulsed, and we have passed the night in the positions we have conquered. I shall delay my further movements for a few hours, in order largely to complete my ammunitions. We had against us Prince Frederick Charles and General Steinmetz." [Vionville is situated on the southern high road between Metz and Verdun—about four English miles south from Doncourt, and about ten English miles from Metz.]

Another French telegram, dated Verdun, Aug. 16, says:—"This morning, about nine o'clock, the corps d'armée commanded by Prince Frederick Charles directed a very vigorous attack on the right of our position. The division of cavalry Forton and the 2nd Army Corps, commanded by General Frossard, well sustained the attack. The corps echeloned to the right and left of Rezanville came up successively to take part in the action, which lasted until nightfall. The enemy deployed considerable forces, and several times returned to the attack, but was vigorously repulsed. At the end of the day a fresh corps d'armée sought to turn our flank. We have everywhere maintained our position, and inflicted considerable loss on the enemy. Our losses are also serious. General Bataille is wounded. In the hottest of the fight a regiment of Uhlans charged the staff of the Marshal, and twenty men of the escort were placed hors de combat. The Captain who commanded them was killed. At eight o'clock in the evening the enemy was repulsed along the whole line. The number of troops engaged is estimated at 120,000 men."

INVESTMENT OF STRASBOURG.

Strasbourg, the bulwark of Alsace, and the strongest fortress in France, has been invested by the Germans. It was summoned to surrender some days ago, a demand with which the commandant, General Ulrich, promptly refused to comply. A statement emanated from Paris on Tuesday to the effect that the investment was regarded only as a feint, but German news from before the city by no means confirms this notion. On Tuesday afternoon the garrison made a sortie on the south side, towards Ostwald and Colmar. The sortie was repulsed with loss, and the Germans took three cannons. The garrison has begun to make sorties very soon—in the second week of the investment—a fact which lends probability to the report that the place is ill-provisioned. As at Nancy, so at Strasbourg, the citizens take a too philosophic and cosmopolitan view of the war to please the military. When the commandant received General Beyer's summons to surrender, on Monday week, the people were in state of great excitement, and seemed much disappointed when they understood that they were to stand a siege. The garrison of Strasbourg is almost entirely composed of Garde Mobile, the guns being manned, to a large extent, by the sedentary National Guard. General Ulrich, the French commander, is a man of great spirit and determination, and an Alsatian, having been born at Phalsbourg. He knows the people well, and how much may be expected of them. General Beyer, the Prussian commander of the Bavarian Army Corps investing Strasbourg, is also a determined soldier. He has just issued a very straightforward address to the people of the locality, in which he promises them protection while they remain quiet; but reminds them of the conduct of the peasantry at Worth, and threatens them with a severe retaliation if they violate the usages of war. The persistence of the Germans before Strasbourg is explained in letters from Berlin by the determination of the German people to require the restoration of Alsace and its great fortress to Germany, so that the whole Rhine may be German, as one of the conditions of peace.

Three thousand men of M'Mahon's corps, who it was supposed had been made prisoners, are now said to have made their way to Strasbourg before its investment by the Germans.

THE EMPEROR AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The Emperor left Metz on Sunday, at two p.m., for Verdun. Before leaving, he issued a proclamation, in which he said:—"In leaving you to oppose the invading enemy, I rely on your patriotism to defend this great city. You will not allow the foreigners to seize this bulwark of France, and you will emulate the army in courage and devotion. I shall preserve a grateful memory of the welcome I have found within your walls, and I hope to be able to return in happier times to thank you for your noble conduct." It is announced from Paris that the Emperor arrived at the camp of Châlons on Tuesday evening, and a rumour was current among the deputies on Wednesday afternoon that his Majesty had left Châlons for Rheims.

King William, on leaving Saarbrück to cross the frontier, addressed the following proclamation, in French, to the French people:—"We, William, King of Prussia, make known the following to the inhabitants of the French territories occupied by the German armies. The Emperor Napoleon having made, by land and sea, an attack on the German nation, which desired and still desires to live in peace with the French people, I have assumed command of the German armies to repel this aggression, and I have been led by military circumstances to cross the frontiers of France. I am waging war against soldiers, not against French citizens. The latter consequently will continue to enjoy security for their persons and property so long as they themselves shall not by hostile attempts against the German troops deprive me of the right of according them my protection. By special arrangements, which will be duly made known to the public, the Generals commanding the different corps will determine the measures to be taken towards the communes or individuals that may place themselves in opposition to the usages of war. They will in like manner regulate all that concerns the requisitions which may be deemed necessary for the wants of the troops, and they will fix the rate of exchange between French and German currencies, in order to facilitate the individual transactions between the troops and the inhabitants." In a subsequent proclamation, the King abolishes the conscription in those portions of France occupied by German troops.

The King has appointed General Von Bonin, Commander-in-Chief of the 3rd and 4th Army Corps, to the post of Governor-General of Lorraine; and Lieutenant-General Count Bismarck Bohlen, hitherto commandant of Berlin, Governor-General of Alsace.

M'MAHON'S RETREAT.

The following disclosure of the Paris *Moniteur*—a journal altogether favourable to the Empire and the war—will show in what sort of order M'Mahon retired:—

On Sunday, Aug. 7, a special train came into Nancy with some of the wounded. Marshal M'Mahon accompanied them. He came "precipitately" to Nancy in search of subsistence for his troops, the enemy having taken all his provisions. His troops had eaten nothing for twenty-eight hours. The Marshal went on foot from the railway station to the Café Boillot, a well-known rendezvous of the officers of the garrison. He was in such a state as to be hardly recognised. He was covered with mud from head to foot, his hands were black, one of his epaulettes had been carried away by a bullet, the skirts of his uniform were full of bullet holes, his telescope was broken under by a ball, which at the same time slightly wounded him in the hand. He had not had time to take off his hessian boots and long spurs. Everybody in the café, as soon as he was known, respectfully saluted him. He hastily called for some cold meat, for he had not tasted food for twenty-eight hours. He wrote a letter while he was eating, and was very soon joined by an officer, who is believed to be General Faillly. They went into a private room and had a short consultation, after which the Marshal went back by rail with the provisions he had bought for his soldiers. An inhabitant of Nancy, personally acquainted with the Marshal, asked him news of the Cuirassiers. His answer was, "The Cuirassiers! why, there are none of them left."

This story is so extraordinary as to require an attestation, and accordingly the *Moniteur* attests it, not only by its own credit,

committed by conspicuous printing and the absence of any "reserve," but by the signature of the initials E.B. M'Mahon remained in Nancy only a short time, having abandoned the town and retreated upon Châlons, which he is said to have reached in a sorry plight, only about 6000 men, in an utterly disorganised state, remaining of his army. Nancy was immediately occupied by the Germans, who subsequently pushed on beyond that place.

An order of the day from Marshal M'Mahon is published in the French papers, but it bears no date either of time or place. Marshal M'Mahon says that his men were but 35,000 against 150,000, and were thus overwhelmed by numbers. Their defence was glorious, and history will say that they displayed the greater valour. They were not pursued, because of the injury they had inflicted on the foe. The 1st Corps will be reorganised, the Marshal adds, and a brilliant revenge soon be obtained.

ALLEGED MALTREATMENT OF WOUNDED MEN BY FRENCH PEASANTS.

A letter, dated Ludwigshafen, Aug. 11, in reference to events after Worth, says:—

The cruelty displayed toward the wounded is the cruelty of wild Indians. Upwards of twenty French peasants have been tried by court-martial for mutilating and dispatching the wounded, have been found guilty, and have been shot. Of their guilt no doubt could be entertained, because they were taken red-handed. A member of a court-martial before which some of these peasants were tried has just arrived from the front, and has communicated to me the particulars of what occurred. A middle-aged peasant and his son, a boy of fourteen, gave evidence to the effect that a few yards from the spot on which she was binding up the wounds of a soldier, the peasant lacked a groaning, wounded Bavarian to pieces with a scythe. The lad was found deliberately cutting the throat of another wounded man. The father, being found guilty, was sentenced to be shot. The decision as to the punishment to be inflicted on the lad was postponed. It is creditable that no summary vengeance was taken in any case. Each of the peasants had a fair trial. Of course, the soldiers are infuriated at the way in which the inhabitants behave. Even the members of the sanitary corps are not spared. Several have been killed by shots fired from the windows of houses while they were going on their errand of mercy. The badge on their arm of a red cross on a white ground afforded them no protection. It is bad enough that the semi-barbarous Turcos should be pitted against civilised men, and should find opportunities to mutilate in the most inhuman manner the bodies of those who fell in the field. This is what they were sent to do. No one expected that they would display any regard for decency or show mercy to the fallen. This belief inspired the German troops with an incredible vigour whenever they were opposed to a regiment of Turcos. The officers could no longer hold their men in hand. Disregarding the restraints of discipline and whispers of prudence, they shouted "Forward!" and swept down the detested enemy. The large proportion of Turcos to be found among the prisoners is due to the special efforts directed against them. Yet the hatred entertained and manifested towards them has not in a single instance taken the form of an insult or maltreatment after the battle was at an end. The prisoners have all been treated with the greatest consideration, and the Turcos have not been made exceptions to the rule.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

The statement of King William that the 1st and 7th Corps took part in the battle before Metz is sufficient to show that the First and Second German Armies are acting in the closest conjunction. It would seem that the left wing of General von Steinmetz and the right wing of Prince Frederick Charles were engaged with the French rearguard. We have good authority for now giving an exact account of the composition of the three great German armies advancing into France. The First Army—otherwise styled the Army of the Saar—is under the command of General von Steinmetz; and consists of the 7th (or Westphalian) and the 8th (or Rhenish) Corps, with the 4th (or Brandenburg) Division of Cavalry. The total strength of its fifty battalions and forty-eight squadrons—to which are joined thirty-one batteries of field artillery, numbering 186 guns—is about 70,000 men. The two other armies, however, are of much greater strength. The Second, or Army of the Rhine, commanded by Prince Frederick Charles, and forming the centre of the Prussian line, numbers no fewer than 250,000 men, embracing the 1st (East Prussian) Corps, the 2nd (Pomeranian) Corps, the 3rd (Brandenburg) Corps, the 4th (Magdeburg and Thuringian) Corps, the 9th (Slesvig-Holstein) Corps, the 10th (Hanoverian) Corps, the 12th (Saxon) Corps, the Hesse-Darmstadt Division, General von Kummer's Infantry Division (which in time of peace forms the garrison of Mayence), and the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 10th, and 12th Cavalry Divisions. The whole army includes 197 battalions, 152 squadrons, and 110 batteries, or 660 guns; and its entire force, as we have said, is 250,000 men. The Crown Prince's army—the Third, or Army of the South—is of about the same strength. It comprises the Corp of the Guards—some of whose regiments fought so bravely and suffered so terribly at Weissenberg; the 5th (Posen) Corps, the 6th (Silesian) Corps, the 11th (Hesse and Nassau) Corps, the 6th Cavalry Division; the Wurtemberg, Baden, and Bavarian contingents—in all 192 battalions, 164 squadrons, 110 batteries, or 250,000 men, with 660 guns. The total strength of the three German armies now on the soil of France is, therefore, 570,000 men, with 1506 pieces of artillery. These huge figures do not take any account of the reserves which are pressing up in second line; and we know already that, numbering every man, the French cannot put in line of battle at this moment more than one man for every two on the side of the enemy.—*Telegraph*.

THE WOUNDED PRUSSIAN GENERALS.

The victories achieved by the Prussian armies at Worth and Forbach on Saturday, Aug. 6, were not by any means cheaply gained. The loss of the Prussians was confessedly great; and the mere fact that five General officers were wounded in their ranks may be accepted as an indication that those who won won by hard fighting, and not by mere pressure of superior numbers. Some account of the five Prussian Generals who received wounds more or less severe—for on this point we are at present left somewhat in doubt—may be interesting.

General Julius von Bose, commander of the 11th Army Corps, was born in 1809, and, in his youth, was page at the Court of Weimar. In 1829 he became Lieutenant, he was Major in 1853, and in 1860 he was made full Colonel of the 40th Fusilier Regiment. Prussian regiments, it may be noted, consist of three battalions, each having a commander whose rank corresponds with that of Lieutenant-Colonel in our Army. The regiment, of course, is commanded by one Colonel. In the year 1864 the subject of our brief notice was Major-General; and in the war with Austria, in 1855, he was engaged in the battles of Liebenau, Podol, Münchengrätz, Königgrätz, Göding, Holic, and Presburg. In the same year he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and received the Order of Merit, which has been, almost as a matter of course, bestowed on each of the Generals whose names follow.

General August von Göben, commander of the 8th Army Corps, which was warmly engaged at Saarbrück, was born in 1816, and made Lieutenant in 1835. He took his discharge in the following year, and for four years next ensuing he served in the Spanish army—rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and gaining several Spanish orders. In 1842 he re-entered the Prussian army as Captain, and in 1849 he took part in the engagements in the Pfalz and Baden. In 1850 he became Major, and in 1858 Colonel. Then, in 1860, he entered as a volunteer the ranks of the Spanish army fighting against Morocco. In 1861 he was raised to the rank of General in the Prussian army; and in 1864 he commanded the 26th Infantry Brigade, in the Danish war. In 1866 he fought at Dornbach, Kissingen, Lauffach, Aschaffenburg, Werbach, Tauberbischofsheim, and Gersheim.

General Baron Albert von Barnekow was born in 1809—a year, by-the-by, which seems to have been prolific of military heroes destined to take a prominent part in the service of Germany; as, beside two Generals here named, General Kirchbach, whose slight wound at Weissenburg did not prevent his leading gallantly and successfully at Worth, dates his existence from the same year. He was entered as Lieutenant in 1829. In 1832 he had attained the rank of Major; and he became General in 1864. He fought, in 1866, at Trautenau, Königgrätz, and Tobitschau, with much distinction.

General Ferdinand Wolf Ludwig Anton von Stülpnagel was born in 1813, and became Lieutenant in 1831. He was Major in 1854, Colonel in 1861, and General in 1865, taking part in the Austrian campaign of 1866 as Head Quartermaster of the Second Army. He fought at Nachod and Königgrätz; and in 1867 was made Lieutenant-General.

General George Arnold Carl von Kamecke was born in 1817, was Lieutenant of the 1st Engineers in 1836, and a Major in 1855. In the following year he was employed as military secretary with the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna. In 1866, as chief of the general staff of the Second Army Corps, he fought at Podol, Gitschin, and Königgrätz; and he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1868.

General François, killed at the battle of Forbach, was the first general officer of the German armies that has fallen in this war, and was also the junior on the Prussian Army List, having only been breveted from the rank of Colonel one week before his fall. He had served for some time on the Staff, and was considered fortunate above the average in his promotion, which made him a General at about fifty-four. Hence it may be concluded that the range of age in the higher Staff runs from fifty-five to over seventy, at which age Steinmetz takes the field.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

UNJUST JUSTICE.

WHAT is going on in Alsace and Lorraine is very interesting, but it would be a great pity if it should be allowed to make us overlook any home matters in which the influence of the press may possibly be useful. Three or four trials appear to us to demand notice at the hands of the journalist just now, and in one of them, we think, some strong action should be taken by the public in behalf of the prisoner who is condemned to death.

In the first case we fear there is nothing to be done; but it raises with striking force the question whether the presiding Judge, or all the Judges *in banco*, should not, in cases where the verdict of a jury appears utterly absurd and mischievous, have the power of directing a fresh trial; in other words, that the plea of *autrefois acquit* should not be in all cases a final bar to a second investigation. At Guildford Assizes the other day a man named Grinstead was charged with an outrage upon a young woman named Pinder. The evidence against him was as strong as that upon which scores of men have been justly condemned to death. To the surprise of the Clerk of Arraignment, the public, and apparently of the Judge, the jury acquitted the man. The Judge is said to have observed that the verdict was theirs, and they alone were responsible for it; and there the matter ends. But surely such a case commends itself to the consideration of law reformers and of Mr. Bruce. He will have his hands quite full next Session if he undertakes all his own programme; but as this is a matter in which cases in point are half the battle, it may be as well to note them as they arise.

Far more serious is the case of John Carpenter Carver, tried at the same assizes the next day for the murder of his wife by stabbing her with a table-knife. When everybody was expecting a verdict of acquittal, the jury found him guilty of murder, but strongly recommended him to mercy. This appears to have been a jury's usual stupid way of expressing a doubt whether the verdict was, after all, a sound one, for the "provocation" received by the prisoner—upon which they said, in answer to the Judge, they grounded their recommendation—was slight indeed compared with the crime, if he committed it. What are we to make of a jury who deliberately record their opinion that a man stabbed his wife to the heart with a table-knife because she had given him his dinner on a dirty plate, and then "strongly recommend him to mercy"? The story told by the prisoner is that his wife ran at him while he had knife and fork in hand, and that in the scuffle she got an unintended stab. The only presumption against this appears to be that the woman was slightly built; but very light weights have killed themselves before now in similar ways. The surgeon admitted, in cross-examination, that the prisoner's account of the thing "tallied exactly" with the character of the wound; his story has been all along consistent; and he went for the doctor the instant the event had taken place. We submit that, in the absence of direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt, it would be wrong to hang him. In the case of Madeline Smith a verdict of "Not proven" was recorded in the face of twenty times the evidence on which this middle-aged upholsterer now lies under sentence of death, and that a jury should be found to acquit Grinstead and find this man guilty is almost alarming. This, assuredly, is a case for the attention of the Home Secretary. Carver was either proved guilty or he was not. If he was proved guilty, it was of so shocking a crime that he deserves no mercy. If he was not proved guilty, he should be set free. In our opinion, it was a clear case of not proven.

The other case to which we shall refer is that of Mahoney, at Camberwell, also tried at Guildford, for "feloniously killing" his wife, and found guilty. The woman lingered about ten days after the assault, and then died,—with

hemorrhage and lockjaw. "The prisoner was seen dragging his wife by the hair of her head and beating and kicking her violently. She was on her hands and knees, moaning fearfully, bleeding from the mouth and eyes, and frightfully swollen and bruised, with two wounds on the left temple, which were both bleeding. She was helped by a neighbour into her house, and there she vomited blood. While she was in that condition the prisoner seized her by the hair of her head and shook her violently." This sickening story need not be continued. The jury found the brute guilty, and Mr. Justice Blackburn is reported to have observed that "a sentence of some severity must be passed; and the prisoner must suffer"—what does the reader think?—"eight months' imprisonment with hard labour." Surely, there must be some error in the report. If ever there was a case in which the highest penalty allowed by the law should be inflicted, it looks as if this was that case. Is this brute going to be turned loose upon the world after being confined for eight months? If it were in our power to deal with him, we should give him three floggings with the cat at intervals of four months, and keep him at enforced labour for the rest of his existence. An animal which has once shown itself capable of cruelty like Mahoney's, ought never to have its brutal paws unchained again.

Since the foregoing was in type, we are glad to find that some of our contemporaries have taken up the case of the man Carver. But at Bromley Petty Sessions a case even more absurd, though of infinitely less importance, has arisen. For we read that, "before Colonel Lennard, chairman; Mr. W. Waring, and Mr. R. B. Berens, Stephen Holder, a carter in the employ of Mr. G. Groombridge, of Orpington, was charged with unlawfully playing pitch-and-toss in a lane at an isolated part of that parish;" and on the evidence of a solitary policeman, and in spite of his own denial (which, of course, went for little) and of a proved good character, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. And, said the chairman of the Bench—Colonel Lennard, let us repeat, in order to make the public quite sure of the name of this person—"If you come before us again, we'll give you three months." This, the reporter says, caused "sensations in the court," as well it might; and "the prisoner appeared overwhelmed at the decision." Although Parliament is not sitting, the story of Stephen Holder will be heard of again; and the Bromley Bench, if this report is true and complete—for which, of course, we cannot vouch—will find themselves in a position of conspicuous disgrace. Once more we will repeat the names of the august personages said to have been concerned in giving this decision. They are Colonel Lennard, Mr. W. Waring, and Mr. R. B. Berens. But the subject will not drop here.

THREE SISTERS DROWNED.—On Monday evening there was an exciting occurrence off the Welsh coast, near Swansea, which ended in the death, by drowning, of three sisters—Phoebe Phillips, aged fourteen; Emma Phillips, aged twelve; and a still younger sister, about ten years of age, who were slowly washed away from a sandbank by the tide in the presence of at least 150 spectators, notwithstanding the most courageous attempts that were made to save them. It appears that the children were picking mussels on the Dulwich sandbank, and on trying to return to the shore found themselves surrounded by the tide, which flows in with great rapidity at this point. The little creatures were discernible from the shore, and efforts were at once made to rescue them. Swimmers went out, and one of them brought the youngest towards the shore, and handed her over to another man who was on horseback swimming. The horse, exhausted before it got to land, swerved, and was drowned, and the man and child were left struggling in the water. A second horse was brought; but the child slipped from the man's grasp and was drowned, her would-be rescuer himself being brought to shore exhausted and insensible. In the mean time other swimmers strove in vain to reach the sandbank, which was rapidly becoming overwhelmed, and the two children, screaming for help till the water reached their armpits, were at length washed away. The bodies of the two eldest have been recovered, but not that of the youngest. They were the daughters of poor parents, living at Llanhamlet. The event has created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—Admiral Farragut, who commanded the United States navy during the Civil War, died last Saturday, at the age of seventy. Farragut was fighting against England in 1812, being then just thirteen years of age; but among real soldiers and sailors there are no rancours, and but lately he was with us, mixing happily with our English society, uniting the heartiness of the seaman with the gentleness of the experienced man of the world. Farragut's name is deservedly honoured in his own country. After having served the United States in various grades in the West Indies and Brazil, and as one of the staff of the Arsenal at Norfolk, he was commanding the sloop Brooklyn when the Civil War broke out. A Tennesseean by birth, he heartily threw himself into the cause of the Union, and in January, 1862, was appointed to the command of the naval forces sent to operate against New Orleans, hoisting his flag on board the frigate Hartford. In March he entered the Mississippi, passed Forts Jackson and St. Philippe under the enemy's fire, destroyed the flotilla of gun-boats belonging to the Confederate Government, and reached New Orleans, which the enemy's troops evacuated. For these services he received the thanks of Congress, was placed at the head of the list of Vice-Admirals, and appointed to command the squadron blockading the western coast of the Gulf of Mexico. He seized Corpus Christi, Sabine Pass, and Galveston, and then went to assist Banks, who was besieging Port Hudson. There his former good fortune deserted him. He had his recompense, however, before Mobile, in August, 1864, when, notwithstanding that one of his ships was blown up by a torpedo, he broke the boom which defended the bay, and defeated the Confederate Admiral Buchanan, who surrendered after all his vessels had been sunk or taken. For these services the United States had no adequate recompense in its ordinary system of promotion, and the rank of Admiral was created expressly for him. Since then, Farragut has commanded the Atlantic and Mediterranean squadrons.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER AND THE EMPEROR.—The Paris *Figaro* describes the arrival at Metz of General Changarnier in the following manner:—"An aged man dressed in grey trousers, with straps, and a closely-buttoned great-coat, his hat sunk on his shoulders, crossed the anxious and disturbed town of Metz, and, coming from the railway station, bent his course towards the Prefecture. A steady rain came down towards nightfall and drove the spy-hunters into their houses, otherwise the individual in question would scarcely have reached his destination without hindrance. On arriving at the Prefecture he entered the courtyard, ascended the steps, and found himself before a Cent Garde, of whom he inquired for the usher. The soldier looked at the old man so wet and muddy. Perhaps he would have refused him admittance, had he not experienced that impression well known to soldiers by which those who are accustomed to obey recognise those accustomed to command. The usher was now sent for by the orderly, who, when he saw the visitor, obeyed him with even greater readiness, so that in a few seconds General Reille was informed that General Changarnier wished to speak to the Emperor. This name had a magical effect; the Emperor, who was alone, ordered the General to be immediately admitted. These two men, who had not spoken to each other for nineteen years, were now face to face. 'Sire,' said the General, 'France is in danger; I am an old soldier, I come to offer you my experience and my sword. My sword is perhaps not worth much, for I am seventy-eight years of age; but I think my head is still good.' The door was shut, and the interview lasted two hours. When it again opened the Emperor spoke. 'Get dinner for the General,' said he; 'he has not eaten since this morning.' . . . Also tell the Count d'Aure to choose horses for the General; he belongs to us, gentlemen; let his apartment be prepared. Since then the Emperor and the General have been inseparable; the old soldier, having come straight off on hearing of the disaster, had nothing with him; linen and clothes had to be found for him."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS

HER MAJESTY left Windsor for Balmoral on Wednesday evening.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has conferred on his son, the Crown Prince, the order of the Iron Cross of the second class, as a reward for the victory of Wei-senburg.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE is described as being painfully changed and worn. She has scarcely slept for two hours at a time, and is unremitting in her attention to public affairs. Her attendants have the strictest orders to wake her on the receipt of every telegram.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD has placed at the disposal of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded the vast apartments of the chateau of which he has adopted the name in his land of exile.

ALMOST ALL HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS have left town; but during the present crisis all whose departments are likely to be affected in any way by the course of events on the Continent will remain within a short distance of London.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has formally accepted the resignation of the Right Rev. Dr. T. N. Staley as Bishop of Honolulu. It is doubtful whether another bishop will be appointed, although the King of Hawaii expresses a sincere desire for the nomination of another bishop, to whom he says he will render every possible assistance.

M. HENRI DE BERNADOTTE, nephew of the King of Sweden, has enlisted as a volunteer in the 1st Regiment of Mounted Chasseurs. Two of his brothers are already under the French flag.

COLONEL WILSON, R.E., is about to resign the Professorship of Fortifications at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Major Stuart, R.E., will be promoted to the vacancy.

SIGNOR MAZZINI has been arrested at Palermo, and sent by the Italian Government to Gaeta.

THE MARQUESS DE LA VALETTE, French Ambassador in London, is left with only one secretary of Embassy. The second secretaries and attaches have all quitted London to respond to the *levée en masse* which is calling every Frenchman of fighting capacity to arms.

LORD W. PAULET, Adjutant-General of the Army, calls the attention of recruits to the advantages of entering her Majesty's service. His Lordship reminds them that there are few callings in civil life open to unskilled labour which promise to a steady and deserving young man such advantages as are offered to the good and meritorious soldier.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN THWAITES took place, last Saturday, at Nunhead cemetery. The members of the Metropolitan Board of Works followed the procession in ten mourning-coaches.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION has been heard of. According to a telegram from Cairo, Sir Samuel was at Tewfikiyeh, in the ninth degree of north latitude, on June 13.

THE GRAND REFERENDARY OF THE FRENCH SENATE has addressed a letter to the Minister of War offering all the apartments, galleries, &c., of the Luxembourg Palace to be transformed into an ambulance for the benefit of wounded soldiers in the army of the Rhine.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P., has, at the suggestion of friends in London, been induced to become a candidate for the chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

MR. H. POWNALL, late chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, submitted recently to the committee of the Society for Affording Aid to the Sick and Wounded a sample of very fine picked oakum, which has been used in some of the London hospitals as a substitute for lint in dressing wounds.

BARONESS JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD has written to the Minister of the Interior announcing that she has prepared, at her own cost, on her property at Boulogne-sur-Seine, twenty beds for the accommodation of wounded French soldiers, and on her estate of Ferrier (Seine-et-Marne), thirty more.

M. STRAUSS, the composer, who was brutally assaulted by some half-intoxicated Russian officers a short time since, has died from the injuries he received.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS for the poor children of several West-End parishes was laid last Saturday, at Ashford, Middlesex. The gross cost of the building will be about £60,000.

THE DRIVER OF THE CROYDON TRAIN, which on the 8th ult. came into collision with a train from the Crystal Palace, was on Tuesday tried for manslaughter at the Old Bailey, but was acquitted.

THE MARQUIS OF LAMBERTY has placed at the disposal of the military superintendent of the Army of the Rhine the vast buildings which he possesses at Cons-la-Grandville (Moselle) for the purpose of receiving wounded soldiers, if necessary.

A PETITION has been presented at the Rule Office of the Court of Common Pleas, on behalf of the Liberals, against the return of Mr. Gwynne Holford for Brecon. The petition alleges bribery, treating, undue influence, and the employment of agents—persons convicted of corrupt practices. The seat is not claimed.

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS held their annual festival at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday. The weather was favourable, and a large number of the fraternity repaired to Sydenham by road as well as by rail.

A LARGE NUMBER OF MEN are engaged on the Thames Embankment on the construction of the new road for which an opening is to be provided at the end of Norfolk-street. The road commences at the eastern end of Somerset House, and will form a semicircle running at the back of the railway station to the Temple.

THE CITY MARKETS IMPROVEMENT COMMITTEE of the Corporation have reported favourably upon their architect's plan for the erection of a poultry market in connection with the New Meat Market in Smithfield. The estimated cost of the building is about £100,000, and it is calculated that the returns will amount to about £13,500 per annum.

THOMAS RATCLIFFE, a convict, was executed, on Monday morning, within the walls of Dorchester Prison, for the murder of a warder named Bly, at Portland. He expressed great contrition for the crime which led to the forfeiture of his life.

M. ALFRED DESPREZ has written to the *Journal du Havre* proposing that the 80,000 secret police agents in France should be distributed amongst the army, or sent to the frontier to act as scouts, or to be employed in any other service where their peculiar experience would make them useful.

A GREAT ORANGE DEMONSTRATION welcomed the Twelfth of August in the city of Derry. On the other side, the Roman Catholics organised a monster procession, which outnumbered that of their opponents in the proportion of about three to one. In the course of the day the Catholics unsuccessfully endeavoured to force one of the gates of the city, and the military and police were compelled to interfere.

THE LAMBETH BABY-FARMERS, Waters and Ellis, were indicted, at the Central Criminal Court, for the wilful murder of five children. As, however, the defence had received no notice of certain evidence which was to be brought forward on the part of the prosecution, the trial was postponed to the next Sessions.

TWO MEN, GIBSON AND YEOMANS, charged with collecting money for shares in a mine which they called the North Cornish mine, in Cornwall, but which had no existence, were tried at Manchester, on Saturday. It was stated that the prisoners had, with another man named Wadge, who had left the country, obtained more than £2000. Yeomans was acquitted; but Gibson was found guilty, and sentenced by Mr. Baron Cleasby to five years' penal servitude. The prisoner was carried shrieking from the court in a fainting condition.

AN ACTION WAS BROUGHT AT THE GUILDFORD ASSIZES, on Monday, to recover £275, alleged to be the balance of losses incurred in various bets upon race-horses. The plaintiff alleged that he had been employed by the defendant to lay certain wagers on the result of the Derby, but the defendant repudiated them, and ultimately the jury found in his favour.

FATHER HYACINTHE has written a letter to the Mayor of the fifth arrondissement in Paris offering his services for the defence of Paris. It is not permitted to a priest, he says, to take the sword except in a moment of supreme danger, but there is nothing to prevent his making himself useful with the pick and shovel. "To-morrow, after mass," the Father writes, dating his letter Saturday, "I hold myself at your orders. Vive la France!"

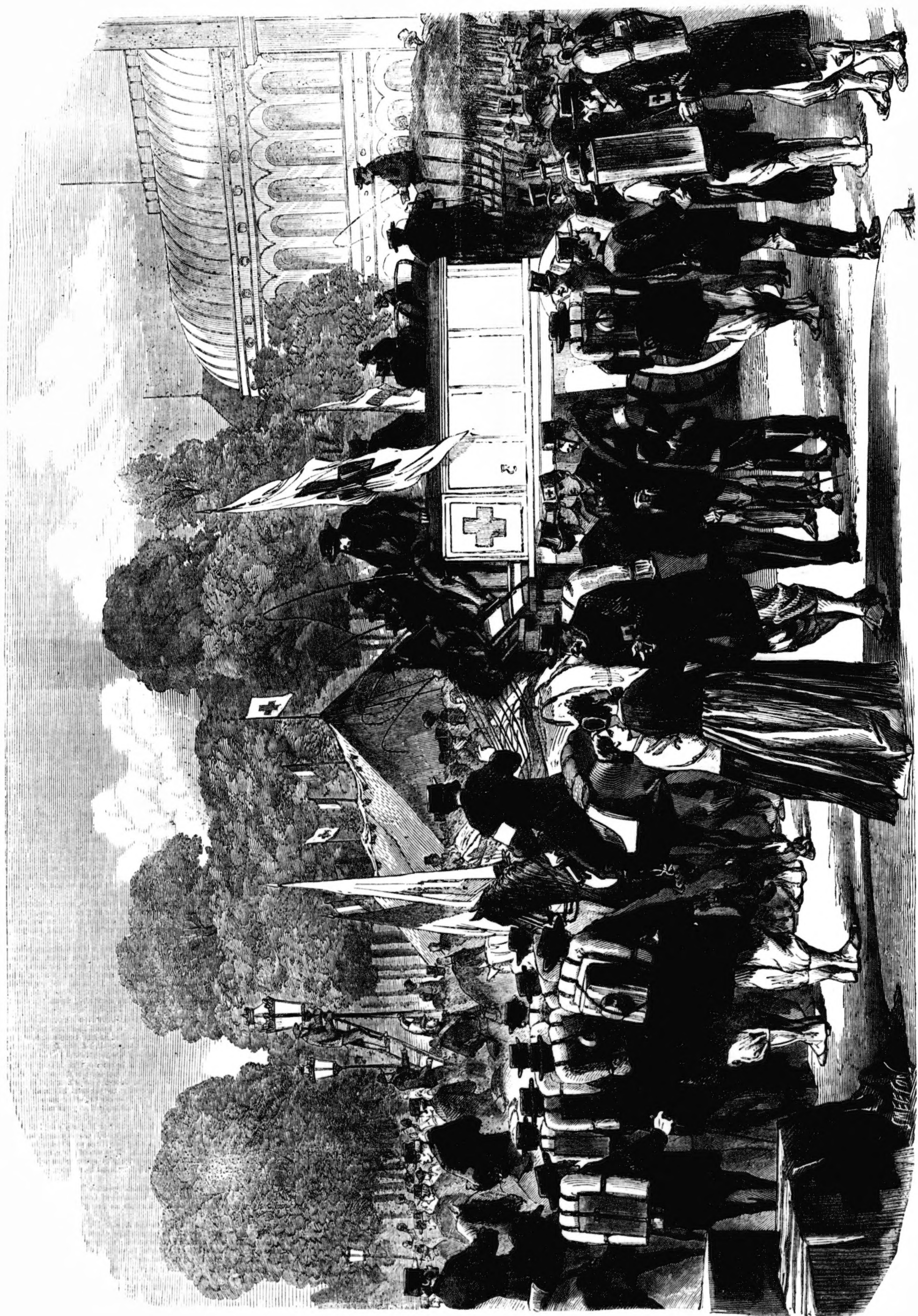
LORD GRANVILLE has sent a circular to her Majesty's diplomatic representatives in Germany denying that the British Government has deviated from its attitude of neutrality by giving facilities to France for obtaining various articles useful for war purposes. The circular states that the steps taken by the Government have been strictly in accordance with precedent and with the principles by which neutral nations have been guided in recent wars.

MR. BRUCE has suggested to the Metropolitan Board of Works that, in view of early legislation on the government of London, it would be well to consider the appointment of a chairman as being of a merely provisional character.

ENGLAND has declined to join in the Austro-Italian league for the restoration of peace, which had been proposed by Count von Beust. The league was intended to protect both France and Germany from any loss of territory; but, in case of the defeat of Prussia, it would not have prevented the dissolution of the North German Confederation.

THE BRITISH POSTAL AUTHORITIES have made arrangements with those of Belgium under which tracings on linen of an architectural or mechanical nature will be allowed to pass to Belgium at the book rate of postage.

HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS for the International Exhibition of 1871 notify that there is no foundation for the rumour that the International Exhibition appointed for 1871 is to be postponed by reason of the war. The first of the series of Annual International Exhibitions of Selected Works of Fine and Industrial Art and Scientific Inventions will take place next year, as already announced.



INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WOUNDED: DEPARTURE OF AN AMBULANCE FROM PARIS.—(SEE PAGE 116.)



THE WAR: RECONNOITRING PARTY OF THE 11TH FRENCH DRAGOONS.—(SEE PAGE 116.)



RECRUITING IN KING-STREET, WESTMINSTER: SERGEANT KITE AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE BAR.

RECRUITING IN WESTMINSTER.

RECRUITING for the British Army is going on with great briskness all over the country, and an ample supply of men is forthcoming. Up to the other day 6000 had been passed at the various medical depôts, and it is said that more than six times as many had offered themselves, but had been rejected for diverse reasons. Of course, Westminster is now, as always, the headquarters of Sergeant Kite; and the following graphic sketch, which we copy from the *Daily News*, gives a vivid idea of what may be seen any day in that region:—

Sergeant Kite is busy in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park. It is apparent to an observer of the district that certain gentlemen who stated that the sergeant languished for want of work were mistaken. A side of a street is lined with boys and men, who are already anticipating the ceremony of the goose-step, which, we suppose, even the Imperial warrior of thirteen had to undergo previous to his "baptism of fire." Close by we find the headquarters of the recruiting staff. Here the intending soldiers hang about, converse in groups, or stalk in a moody, solitary style, or chaff a passing Kite, who gives them a grim look as he doubtless remembers how well he is to be avenged on the future parade-ground. There are some fine, stalwart fellows in the lot, but Mouldy is there, too, and Wart, and Forcible Feeble, and Peter Bullcalf. Wart is largely represented, "his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins." A few chawbacons, with the look of scared men who are waiting for a dentist, drift to and fro upon the flags, and the enormous shoes in which they move wear an embankment of brown, rural mud. A gipsy, whose eyes glitter with a reptile glint, is lurching on a turnip while he watches the gateway for the signal which is to summon him before the authorities. What is it that compels him to "list" during the month of plentiful eggs, of harvest-nights, when his roadside bivouac must be pleasant under the moon? Three stalwart lads in fustian, capital material for Kite to work upon, are beguiling the time with pitch and toss. A gentleman who is naturally incapacitated from performing the celebrated strategic movement of "eyes right," and who is circular in his gait, marches with a rather confident air to a sergeant, who regards him much as he would a frog who might offer to serve his country. Kite himself is rather busy than convivial. He has a note-book, which he consults from time to time earnestly. When Peter Bullcalf of the Green invites him to drink, he denies himself the hospitality of Bullcalf with a gracious but a hurried expression of thanks. The day is sweltering, and his uniform is unbuttoned. The bunch of ribbons in his hat is undisturbed by a cooling wind. Typically, he is tall, square, iron grey, with a firm mouth and a peremptory, firm step. Was the slouching bricklayer's assistant over the way, with rounded back and drooping head, such another as Kite ere Kite was stiffened by drill and pipeclay, and made to appear smart and intelligent by a long course of good conduct? Curious old, positively old, men come here. They are as lonely as fishing herons, and evidently ashamed of being noticed. The rough does not show at all; the rough knows better. The rough reserves his strength for his persecution, and for the disablement of the police. The contingent of those who it may be conjectured have passed are seated inside an arch leading to a tavern, which does a roaring trade during this season. Now and then from the door, guarded by an exceedingly grim and gruff constable, a rejected aspirant (we presume so, at least, from his disconcerted countenance) emerges with a plunge, and dives off swiftly to escape the numerous queries which are sent after him. There is no enthusiasm anywhere; no sign either that the assembled crowd are aware of the peculiar circumstances which provoked the call upon them. Two Whitechapel bloods have a little off-hand fight which lasts a round, and is then stopped by their friends. A sergeant comes up and elicits that the fellows have no business in the street, and so incontinently shunts them away.

Is the fascination business, the prelude of the glories of a military career, done elsewhere? It must. Here we find no attempt made to talk over a likely young man with canteen balderdash, none of that boisterous mirth into which the Mephistophelian agent of her British Majesty throws a springald in order to procure him as one of the rank and file. Probably the old story would not be credited at all in these sceptical times. The worthy sergeants stick, we suppose, to the plain truth, certainly with the London division, although our friends Chawbacon and Heavy Clay may yet nibble and bite gaudy baits. The sergeant, as we know, has now a substantially attractive basis for a convivial sketch. To a bystander watching the gaunt, unkempt crew around it seems convincing that they would be in every respect better men for being soldiers. With few exceptions, they are a healthy, promising batch, capable of any of the deeds of endurance or valour our army has ever achieved, save, perhaps, a modern march ordered under circumstances calculated to a nicety to ensure *coup de soleil* in the regiment.

That picturesque vagrant the gipsy, no forsworn heathen and Anglican tinker, but a genuine son of the race of whom George Borrow wrote, is about to change his mind, to judge from the sudden alert spring which he gives on the path. Whether he can or not just now is another matter; but, even if he has entered into preliminaries, it would not puzzle him very much to fly the red uniform and remain faithful to his grime and velvet and pariah life. He relapses again into a lizard indolence, and yawns in the full glare of the sun while Big Ben murmurs three of the clock from his tower; and, on the stroke, our gipsy starts up and makes directly for the recruiting head-quarters. He has done for ever with the joys of filching fowl, haunting races, snaring hares, or exhibiting his brood of brown brats to visitors to his encampment. These juvenile barbarians may be now dozing on a simmering common, miles and miles away, completely oblivious of the fact that their sire contemplates a military career. These speculations are interrupted (fortunately, perhaps) by the sight of a fat woman who has seized upon her fair-haired son, and is wiggling him. His mother? No! his wife. The lad is woefully depressed at his capture. He is a mere puppet in the hands of Mrs. M'Stinger, who rates him in a low, determined voice, to which he listens with the resignation of a criminal to the ministrations of a gallows chaplain. The grim and gruff policeman vainly roars at Mrs. M'Stinger to "move hon!" She puts her arms a-kimbo, like Poll in Marryatt's song, and faces the helmeted autocrat, using the same emphatic language in which Poll inveighed against the tyranny of the Port-Admiral. Three carpenter's apprentices (judging from their talk, which is of the trade) are determined to convert their saws into swords. A huge Irishman, with a broken nose, accompanies a slim, Celtic-faced boy to the gaping mouth of the arch, from which they can descry the accepted seated as solemnly as Quakers. He is pointing at them, and speaking his native Munster dialect with derisive and satirical gestures. Grim and gruff constable is down on him in an instant; turns him round and round; but he never ceases, with Irish fluency, to address the lad, who evidently desires to enlist. He is shoved away at last, and the youth follows meekly, and with a wistful, rather than an angry, expression in his very striking countenance. Leaving the spot, you encounter Sergeant Kite within every quarter of a mile between you and Charing-cross, always with his note-book, always seeming as grave and as sober as Mr. Cardwell himself.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE devastated the town of Barnstable on Monday. The borough is described as having been destitute alike of a fire brigade and of water.

RELIEF OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—We are requested to state that the medical men who propose to devote their skill to the relief of the sick and wounded in Germany should apply to the North German Embassy for directions as to the points to which they should proceed in order to fulfil their charitable mission. The condition which requires that the consent of the Government should be obtained applies, of course only to those medical men who are in the military or naval service of the State.

THE LOUNGER.

I LEFT London on Monday morning at nine o'clock for Keswick, with the knowledge of such news as the London morning papers contained, which, as you will remember, was not much. From the seat of war there was nothing of importance, and I did not expect to hear anything more until Tuesday morning, and then not from the London morning papers, which I knew cannot be got at Keswick until about eight in the evening. Happily, though, the northern papers now receive news as early as the London papers, and some of the northern papers we get at Keswick as early as seven o'clock. But at Penrith station I got sight of a paper (the name of it I had not time to look at) which in two lines informed me that the Prussians had gained another victory. A well-dressed à la mode for the Highlands, favoured me with a sight of the telegram. "Any news?" said I, as I saw him eagerly reading a paper. "Yes, curse it; the French have been licked again!" I read the telegram, and did not curse, you may be sure; nor did I bless, but returned the paper with thanks, and in silence passed on. I have discovered since I left home, what I had already learned in town, that Swell-don generally sympathises with the French. The writer of the "Inner Life" last week gave us several reasons why aristocratic Conservatives go with the French in this war. In Swell-don, I suspect, sympathy with the Prussians has come to be thought vulgar. The common people—that is, all outside Swell-don—are enthusiastically in favour of the Prussians, and that is enough. Then, do we not all remember how enthusiastic Swell-don was for the Southerners in the American war, because they were gentlemen? I suspect something of this feeling also determines the swells of our land to take sides with the French. In their eyes the French are gentlemen, the Germans are bores. The truth is, our English fashionables know very little about the Germans. The French they know, and the Italians. Most of them speak French, and not a few can converse in Italian. But very few, indeed, can speak German; nor do they know anything of German literature through translation, nor the history of the progress of German thought during the last hundred years. But enough of this. It is an undoubted fact that as it was during the American War, so it is now. The people of England at once instinctively took one side. The aristocracy, it is to be feared, have taken the other. And I can tell you another thing. The higher classes, from the first, confidently believed that the French would be victors. "This is what will happen," said one in my hearing; "the French will not, of course, overrun Germany; but they will beat the Prussians at a rush, and bring them to terms, and the terms will be the surrender of the Rhine provinces by the Prussians to the French. The slow Germans will stand no chance with the active, swift Frenchmen; nor is the needle-gun to be compared with the chassepot;" and so on, and so on.

On Tuesday morning, at half-past seven, I was up and reading the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times*, which had got the telegrams that appeared in your London papers, and, having read them, I spread out my maps. For a time all was confusion, nor whilst I write the confusion entirely cleared up. But one thing was quite plain—the French were retreating before the Prussians; and in a great war like this, with the scanty details which we get from time to time, we must look at and note well the broad results, and so, though I was but ill-informed about the details, I was satisfied. But how hungry I was that day for converse with intelligent people that we might compare thoughts upon this absorbing subject! But I met for a time with no one. Though I angled in several directions, I caught nothing. Once I thought I might be successful. I was seated on the banks of Derwent-water, in the shade of a wide-spreading oak, when there came near to me a man respectfully attired, with his wife and children and maid-servant. The man was reading the *Manchester paper*, and looked, as I thought, intelligent, and so I determined to open a conversation with him. "Important intelligence in the paper this morning," I said. "No, not much," he replied. "Why, yes there is. Have you not read the telegrams?" "Yes, but I did not see much in them." I took out my paper and read them to him, and explained the situation as well as I could; but I found that what I said was not intelligible to him. He looked confused, and, I thought, a little ashamed of his ignorance. But after a pause he said, "You see, I ain't paid much attention to the war; but I read some time ago that Mac Mo-han's corpse was annihilated." I folded up my paper, lighted my pipe, called my party, and silently absquatulated. I must tell my readers, though, that this was no Cumberland man, but an excursionist. Later in the day I almost literally ran against a member of Parliament, a man of great intelligence, acute mind, and solid judgment; and he and I, surrounded by the mountains—Skiddaw in front of us and Blencathra to the left—went over the telegrams together, and, by the aid of a skeleton map, which he drew with his stick in the dust, we came to, or thought we came to, a knowledge of what had happened, and then my yearning for converse was satisfied. How satisfying it is, how it confirms you in your opinions, to find that your thought is another man's thought—that is, if the other man is really intelligent! But I need scarcely add this proviso; for a fool really, except upon the commonest subjects, has, properly, no thoughts of his own. The majority of mankind, I suspect, never think. On politics the newspaper thinks for them; on religious subjects, the parson. I was talking some time ago with a very skilful, intelligent farmer, and in course of our conversation he made this remark—"My neighbours never really think; they do as their fathers before them did, and if they make any change, it is because they look over the hedge into the fields of some clever fellow and see that something that he has done has answered; but it takes a long time for them to get at the conclusion that it would be well for them to do the same."

All this region is overflowing with visitors. There is an hotel here which can find beds for over a hundred people, and yet every day the manager has to turn away scores of applicants; and all the other hotels, and inns, and lodging-houses are full. What the troops of wearied, footsore tourists who every evening come into town to rest for the night do, I know not. I suspect many have to pass the night in arm-chairs or on floors. I, however, have capital lodgings. I would not, indeed, change with any visitor in the neighbourhood. I am half a mile from the town. From my sitting-room window I look immediately into a garden, thence across a lovely valley to Skiddaw, whose base is only about a mile and a half off. Moreover, the house is in a spacious field; and, though a road runs by the house, it is a private road. But then, like an experienced tourist, I wrote long ago to my landlady, who knows me well, and secured my rooms. And how I wish, my dear Mr. Editor, you could see these rooms! I would give a trifle to whisk you here for a day or two. My sitting-room is 25 ft. square. The bed-rooms, too, are spacious; and they are furnished, not as lodging-houses generally are, but with solid, old-fashioned furniture of the ancient manor-house kind, and not of dear—15s. a week is the price of the sitting-room; 10s. per week, of the bed-rooms. The truth is that my hostess is not a professional lodging-house keeper; by which I mean one who takes a house, and furnishes it to get a living by letting it out as lodgings. Your professional lodging-house keeper I always steer clear of, if I can. I am, then, as you see, fortunate; and how I revel in this calm, tranquil scene! All the more so because the transition from London to this was so rapidly achieved. At eight o'clock on Monday I was in Pimlico; at eight at night I was watching the shadows gathering round Skiddaw. By-the-way, how cheap meat is here! The other day we had for dinner a fore-quarter of lamb, which cost me 8d. a pound. My London butcher would have charged me 11d., or, probably, for mountain lamb like this, 1s.

The *Standard*, which I bought at a railway station, told me that Sir William Frazer, Commissioner of the City Police, is a candidate for the chairmanship of the Board of Works. This is not correct. The Commissioner of the City Police is Colonel James Fraser, and he is not a candidate. The Sir William Frazer who is a candidate was formerly member for Ludlow. He is, I think, now a member

of the Metropolitan Board of Works. I know something of Sir William, and I venture to prophesy that, if he should be elected, the Metropolitan Board will not get on very smoothly. Lord Robert Montagu, who is also a candidate, is at least a most amiable, kind, and honourable man.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.
THE MAGAZINES.

The *Medical Temperance Journal*, published quarterly, deserves praise for its evident efforts at being impartial, and I hope it does good. But, really, these abstemious people, even when intelligent and candid, fail to catch the point. Nobody doubts that if you take a healthy man and place him under all manner of favourable conditions—good air, good food, and freedom from anxiety or the need for sudden effort—he will do well without stimulants of any kind. But the case is very different with a hard-worked person living in a close city, under evil conditions, and compelled to make all kinds of trying exertions at unexpected times. If a man had to make a sudden run for his life, and was near fainting, a drop of brandy might just enable him to get through the last spurt of the struggle. And that is exactly the case with most of us. Not that it is "support" that we chiefly need, or that alcohol chiefly affords. It supplies a genial stimulus to the nervous system; and even if this stimulus be purchased at the cost of some reaction (which it usually is *not*), we often find it well worth our while. Besides, the sole object of existence is not to digest well and live as many years as you can. It is to get as much as possible out of the years that we live. Teetotallers will preach in vain that a glass of hock and seltzer hurts a man by the gentle fillip it gives to his nerves. Equally vain is the attempt to disprove what I have seen with my own eyes more than once—namely, the effect of the stronger wines and malt liquors, especially stout, in getting up flesh upon a person thinned by illness. I have in my eye a striking instance of flesh-making following upon the introduction of Guinness into the diet. This, too, was accompanied by an improvement in the general health; and if the teetotallers tell us that in all such cases some latent injury is done as the price of the improvement, first, we say that the price is not too much to pay; and, second, we say, with Mr. Burchell, Fudge! All the teetotal doctors in Christendom cannot talk away the added flesh, the heightened colour, the elastic step, and the raised spirits, or make us believe that the stout or sherry which has helped to bring them about is poison.

The *Food Journal* improves; and, if its analyses are correct, there is more likely to be poison in your lemonade or ginger-beer than in your Bass or Allsopp. This promises to be a really interesting and useful periodical; one hopes the promise may be fulfilled.

Once a *Week* would be much pleasanter reading if it were not for the dullness and ineptitude of the greater part of its "Table Talk." The note on "Plagiarisms," in the last monthly part, is downright stupid. We are informed by it that Milton having applied the word "clarion" to the crowing of a cock, "Gray catches up the idea." Also, "Chanticleer is a Shakespearean word." When Collins makes the beetle "wind his sullen horn," he "closely imitates Milton, in a line in 'Lycidas.'" "Poor John Clare" is "a poet not sufficiently read." Herrick "was pilfered by a modern poet in 1825 of his idea of 'cherry ripe!'" When Herrick wrote his well-known lines, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," "he must certainly have had in his memory some lines in Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,'" in which similar turns of thought and phrase occur. Herrick "would also appear to have borrowed a thought from Ben Jonson," in the verses "A sweet disorder in the dress." It would be waste of time to criticise this trash. In another column of the "Table Talk" I find this:—"A sweet poetess—as we know from Moore—was disgusted at her gushing verse being transformed from 'freshly blown roses' to 'freshly blown noses.'" Really, now? I have always understood that the misprint ran "fleshy brown noses." Probably it is the same ingenious writer who thus quotes Hosea Biglow:—

Ez for war, I call it Murder!
There you hev it plain and flat;
And you've got to go no furdur
Than your Testyment for that.

The quotation is incorrect.

In a fresh instalment of his "Short Essays," contributed to *Good Words*, Mr. Arthur Helps tells us he has determined for himself what is the cause of shyness—it is the consciousness, or the fear, of being misunderstood. But, strange to say, Mr. Helps claims this as original—something quite new. O, Mr. Helps! Mr. Helps! it is as old as the hills, and as obvious as the tallest of them. How could you take and go and put your foot in it like that? The periodical itself is as good as it always is, and that is very high praise.

A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND HALL is to be established in connection with Owens College, Manchester, under the auspices of Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P. (chairman), the Bishops of Manchester and Chichester, Mr. Murray Gladstone, and other gentlemen. The hall is designed for students of Owens College who are members of the Church of England, and such others as may be willing to conform to the regulations framed for its government. The Rev. Evelyn J. Hone, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, censor of King's College, London, has been appointed Warden. Mr. Hone is a son of the Archdeacon of Worcester.

HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT, Golden-square, W.—At the monthly meeting of the committee of management, held on the 15th inst., it was announced that Lord Powis had increased his subscription from 50s. to 100s.; that Lord Cairns had consented to become a V.P., and had forwarded a donation of 10s.; and that an anonymous donation of £40 had been received. There had been also an increase in the annual subscriptions. The committee are making a great effort to purchase the freehold, and are also endeavouring to enlarge the hospital accommodation which is at present quite inadequate to the demands caused by the daily increasing number of patients.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—With the annual report of this company, presented at the general meeting of shareholders on the 5th inst., the directors submit the result of the quinquennial valuation of the life business, made by Mr. Samuel Brown, late president of the Institute of Actuaries, in the form proposed in the schedules of the Life Assurance Companies' Act passed in the Session just closed. Mr. Brown, in his report states that the table used for the valuation has been Mr. Griffith Davies' equitable experience, and the rate of interest assumed has been 3 per cent. The net premiums only, as computed upon each policy, have been valued so as not to bring into account any portion of the future profits. The results of the valuation show that the Royal has in force 14,977 policies, assuring, with existing bonuses, £6,721,502; and annuities, £18,354. The net premiums, after deducting the loading and bonus reductions, are £169,310. The net value of the assurances and annuities, £1,005,677. The accumulated funds are £1,255,325, showing a surplus of £249,658. This, we believe, is the first quinquennial valuation made on the model of the schedules of the new Act, and is therefore notable. The premiums in the fire department were £485,180 5s. 8d., and the losses £290,685 10s. 11d. The net profit in the department, including interest, was £78,152 3s. 5d., a sum rather more than at the rate of £1500 per week. The total invested funds of the company amount to £1,870,000.

TEA AND COFFEE.—Tea and coffee, though often found in juxtaposition on the breakfast-table, are not by nature allied to one another. Dr. Gardner has therefore made a curious discovery in having ascertained that the leaves of the one plant may be substituted for those of the other without any considerable loss of the peculiar properties belonging to the tea-plant. Twenty years ago Dr. Gardner made the result of his experiments known to the public, and succeeded in attracting the notice of many merchants and chemists to the matter; but the coffee-planter, fearing that the price of the berry would be lowered by the employment of the leaves, contrived to divert from it all general attention. "But," says the doctor, "the other day, on passing a grocer's shop where a large variety of teas were somewhat ostentatiously displayed, I noticed that one chest, labelled 'Assam tea,' had a very unusual appearance. I purchased some, and found it to be prepared coffee-leaves. The leaves are in small fragments, not rolled, being too harsh and brittle for that operation, but convenient for measuring with a spoon, and yielding a strong, pleasant infusion," acceptable to the poor because of its comparative cheapness. Without disputing Dr. Gardner's taste, we must still condemn the dishonesty of the transaction. Chicory may be palatable enough; but the same law which forbids it from being sold under the name of coffee should defend the customer from buying coffee when he wants tea.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Literature.

Ginx's Baby: His Birth and Misfortunes. London: Strahan and Co.

This is a remarkable book, and well deserves attentive reading and a large circulation. It has faults, and those chiefly the faults of a peculiar school. But its earnestness and its broad, dashing, humorous caricature make it one of the most piquant and enjoyable books we ever saw. Ginx—who, of course, is Jinks—is a navvy, who has a very prolific wife. This couple, living in a Westminster slum, have twelve children; and Ginx takes his Bible oath that if Mrs. Ginx brings him any more he will drown the new comer. She does bring him a boy, and Ginx rushes out leading it over Vauxhall Bridge. A mob gathers about him, and a political economist appears upon the scene, who gravely expostulates with him upon the crime of having so many children. The scene that follows is in every respect the worst-thought and the least agreeable portion of the book. The joke about the philosopher's personal appearance is excessively coarse; and it is otherwise objectionable, because there is only one living person to whom it can point. However, a Sister of Mercy carries off the infant, with Ginx's consent. But Mrs. Ginx, not being allowed to suckle her infant while under the care of the sisters unless she will consent to have the sign of the cross made upon her breast with holy water (of course, in order to sanctify the infant's nourishment), turns rusty. She will have no "Papish" ceremonies performed on her Protestant person, and the infant is fed on blessed pap, after being solemnly received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. The story gets to the ears of the United Grand Junction Protestant Detestable Association, who try to obtain possession of the infant. This is a tedious process, and they first of all bring an unsuccessful suit in the Court of Queen's Bench; but, Ginx refusing to be made a party to it (he persists in his determination to repudiate the last of the Ginxes), the cause of Protestantism fails. The sisters, however, give up the baby, and then the United Grand Junction Detestable Association hold monster meetings and write tracts about him. The end of it is, however, that he gets into the workhouse. But he, having been picked up just on the boundary line between two parishes, both boards of guardians refuse to have anything to say to him—on principle, of course. He grows a big boy somehow, and is picked up by a benevolent gentleman at a club door. But, after a short career of prosperity, he goes to the bad, and at last jumps over Waterloo Bridge.

In the course of the story a great many lifelike sketches are introduced. Everybody will recognise Mr. Bright, Mr. Ayrton, Dr. Cumming, the Rev. Ezekiel Cutwater, and Mr. D'Aerbitry, the magistrate. The whole spirit of the book is that of paternal government. The author's programme, as stated in the great club discussion, is paternal government pure and simple. In this part of the book he is not so unjust or half-thoughted (and, consequently, wholly ineffective) as he is in the discussion between the political economist, Ginx, and the rest; but he has the peculiar blustering manner which belongs to so many writers of the Broad Church school, especially Canon Kingsley: and the book, on the whole, so strongly savours of that gentleman's thinking and writing, that at the first glance we exclaim, "*Aut Charles Kingsley, aut diabolus.*" But then, how about the minute legal knowledge possessed by the writer, and the slightly vindictive touches in the portrait of Mr. D'Aerbitry, who hates to see a barrister in his court? The portrait of Dr. Cumming, too, seems to us to be lower in tone than Canon Kingsley would have made it. Again, the education "platform" would scarcely suit him. For a moment we thought of Mr. Tom Hughes; but the humour is too good and too abundant for him—at least, we think so. It might very well be the "joint" production of Mr. Kingsley and some barrister; or it might be the production of a barrister who is engaged in literature and very familiar with religious society. But, after all, we must give it up, simply saying that the book is written by a man of much humour and considerable general knowledge—a man of religion, who has had, apparently, a legal training, and who is well acquainted with London life. We should also say that he belongs to the school of Kingsley and Maurice, but that his educational programme would be less churchy than theirs. And there we must leave a book which we have greatly enjoyed in spite of the sometimes ragged thinking which underlies the humour. It is astonishing that so acute a man as the author of "*Ginx's Baby*" does not perceive that if the "lofty" theory of marriage tends to the consequences which he pins upon it, some of the most vital of moral beliefs—beliefs which cannot be followed to their necessary consequences without ending in that ideal, and which, on the other hand, cannot be torn up without carrying away much more than their own roots, are fatally imperilled by the argument of the Wesleyan who is set up to oppose the philosopher. We do not sympathise with the philosopher, but that way of answering him recoils upon itself in a very dangerous manner.

The Man with the Iron Mask. By MARIUS TOPIN. Translated and Edited by Henry Vizetelly. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

While there are some events connected with the biography of history which lose their interest, and, after a century of feeble argument, are allowed to die out, in spite of every effort to resuscitate them, there are others which are always capable of raising a discussion, and seem to attain a periodical importance, altogether disproportionate to their influence on subsequent, or even on contemporary, circumstances.

The authorship of the Letters of Junius, the meaning of the message implied by the ring sent by Essex to Elizabeth, and the mystery of "*The Man with the Iron Mask*" are all samples of these romantic suggestions of history which, having puzzled the heads of our forefathers, we are still willing to admit to the opportunity of puzzling our own. It is true that the latter secret, used up or still further mystified by the comments and wild speculations of past commentators on possibilities, would scarcely seem to furnish attractive material for a modern volume, and yet M. Topin has contrived to reinvest the ancient controversy with a new interest; while Mr. Vizetelly, giving to his author the attractions of an easy translation, and such further references as an intelligent student of French history would appreciate, has produced a book over which the English reader may yield to a disposition to investigate, not only the mystery of the Bastille, but some other questions of deeper significance. As regards the subject of the volume itself, M. Topin, and with him Mr. Vizetelly, goes over the disputed ground with remarkable precision, so that those of us who have previously studied the conflicting opinions of writers who fiercely took up the solution of the difficulty, are able to trace the fallacies which misled them; while, if we have never before devoted much attention to a controversy which was once the rage, we can rapidly glance over it in these pages. That the unfortunate prisoner was not an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria and our Duke of Buckingham, who visited the French Court as English Ambassador during the negotiation of the Spanish marriage, seems amply proved, while it seems equally certain that he was not the Count de Vermandois, the son of Louis XIV. and Mdle. de la Valliere. Perhaps one of the greatest arguments against this supposition, besides those so well brought forward by M. Topin, is the declaration of M. de Beauchêne, who, in his "*Life of Madame Elizabeth*," refers to the order of Louis XVI., who, in 1786, commanded the coffin of the Count to be opened. A *procès verbal* drawn up in December of that year, in presence of the Bishop of Arras, the provost of the cathedral, the head of the vestry, and the Procureur-General, verifies the existence of an entire and well-shaped body, presumably that of the gallant and handsome young man who came to so early a death at the camp of Contry. We all know how the legend that our own Duke of Monmouth was saved from the scaffold by the death

of a substitute, and then handed over by James to the keeping of the French King; and it was for some time conjectured that the extraordinary story told by Colonel Shelton, Lieutenant of the Tower, to Earl Danby, and improved on by the narrative of St. Foix, the supposed "surgeon" Nelaton, and the confidential communication made to St. Foix himself by Sanders, the confessor to the King, pointed to the prisoner of the Bastille as the unfortunate chief of the rebellion. But there can be no less doubt that Monmouth paid the penalty of his treason on the scaffold, than that François de Vendôme, Duke of Beaufort, and grandson of Henry IV., died at Candia instead of being spirited away to Pignerol and placed under the care of that conscientious gaoler St. Mars. The abduction of Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, from Constantinople, through the violent arrogance of Ferriol, the French Ambassador, is a strangely interesting episode in this strange history; but the evidence that he was the mysterious prisoner breaks down on examination, as does the still more absurd notion that either the Marquis de Rohan or Fouquet, who died almost publicly in prison, were either of them concealed in the interests of State while they underwent a long incarceration. That the conclusions of the author should lead to the identification of the masked victim with that Count Matthioli who deceived Louis XIV. in the pretended cession of the treaty of Venice is not surprising when we follow all his arguments; but, apart from the interest attaching to this settlement of a State secret, the volume is so attractive in its historical episodes that its title scarcely indicates its real claim to attention.

The Complete Works of W. E. Channing, D.D. With an Introduction. A New Edition, Re-arranged. London: George Routledge and Sons.

The works of Dr. Channing, the great moral essayist of America, are, probably, not so widely known and appreciated in this country as they deserve. The author belonged to a sect—the Unitarians—against whom strong prejudices are entertained by those religionists among us who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to be deemed orthodox in their tenets, who conceive that no good can come out of any Nazareth of which they disapprove, who condemn unheard and brand with foul epithets all who cannot utter their special shibboleths, and who, being a majority, generally manage to drown with clamour what they cannot answer with reason. It is in vain that a man may be good, wise, eloquent, full of human kindness and Christian charity, like Channing; if he be not orthodox, he is anathema, and to be neither read nor acknowledged as a brother. Hence it is that to large numbers of Englishmen the works of Channing are really literary *terra incognita*—known, if at all, only by name and from having been denounced as heretical by clergymen and others who were as ignorant of the writings they condemned as they were devoid of the world-wide sympathies and large-heartedness which distinguished their author. The loss of those who have thus been deterred from reading Channing is great; and we hope that, now the author is no more, the barriers of sectarian prejudice will in some measure be broken down, and that thinking men of all Churches will be able to read and profit by the works of one who, if he did not merit a place among deep thinkers, is yet entitled to stand in the foremost rank of pure moralists, ardent philanthropists, and elegant writers. We are glad, therefore, that a cheap edition of Channing's works has been offered to the public by Messrs. Routledge, and we trust that the said public will appreciate the book, and prove their own right to claim the attributes of sound taste and that genuine Christian charity that thinketh no evil, by reading the "good man's book." In a postscript to the "Introductory Remarks," Dr. Channing indicates that he fancied the grounds for "some fears" he had expressed in an article on Napoleon Bonaparte "have in good measure passed away." Whether this be so or not, we think the subjoined remarks, which form a portion of the second division of the paper in question, are not inapplicable to the character, and may help to explain the downfall—if a downfall be impending—of another Bonaparte, whose name and doings have been somewhat prominent in men's mouths of late. At page 432 of this edition Dr. Channing says:—

Power was the idol to which Bonaparte sacrificed himself. To gain supremacy and unlimited sway, to subject men to his will, was his chief, settled, unrelenting purpose. This passion drew and converted into itself the whole energy of his nature. The love of power, that common principle, explains in a great degree his character and life. His crimes did not spring from any impulse peculiar to himself. With all his contempt of the human race, he still belonged to it. It is true both of the brightest virtues and the blackest vices, though they seem to set apart their possessors from the rest of mankind, that the seeds of them are sown in every human breast. The man who attracts and awes us by his intellectual and moral grandeur is only an example and anticipation of the improvements for which every mind was endowed with reason and conscience; and the worst man has become such by the perversion and excess of desires and appetites which he shares with his whole race. Napoleon had no element of character which others do not possess. It was his misery and guilt that he was usurped and absorbed by one passion; that his whole mind shot up into one growth; that his singular strength of thought and will, which, if consecrated to virtue, would have enrolled him among the benefactors of mankind, was enslaved by one lust. He is not to be gazed on as a miracle. He was a manifestation of our own nature. He teaches on a large scale what thousands teach on a narrow one. He shows us the greatness of the ruin which is wrought when the order of the mind is subverted, conscience dethroned, and a strong passion left without restraint to turn every inward and outward resource to the accomplishment of a selfish purpose.

Is not power as truly the idol worshipped by the Third Napoleon as it was by the First? and is there not danger that idolatry may prove as fatal to the one as it did to the other?

A Fool's Paradise. A Novel. By THOMAS ARCHER, Author of "*Strange Work*," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers.

We are somewhat at a loss how to characterise this book. It has considerable merit, but it has also very grave faults. The plot is skilfully constructed, the style is lively, some of the characters are well delineated (though others, we must confess, seem to us a little impossible), and there are abundance of stirring incidents—so stirring, indeed, that they border upon, if they do not absolutely enter, the region of the sensational. For instance, we have bigamy, murder, child-desertion, workhouse cruelty and gaol kindness, pugilistic exhibitions and a marrow-bones and cleaver fight of butchers against gypsies, a shipwreck, scenes in pastoral Australia, a mutiny of slaves in Jamaica, and, lastly, a destructive fire, in which the arch villain and the bigamist hero both perish. Then we have villains of all sorts: a catlike waiting woman, thieving (if not homicidal) gypsies, a wicked uncle, a still more wicked steward, and a West Indian overseer more wicked than either. The wicked uncle robs and murders his father and plots the ruin of his nephew (the bigamist afore-said), in which he is aided by the catlike waiting woman; the wicked steward, after ruining trusting maidens like a veritable "*gay Lothario*," dares to love his master's wife, makes her insulting proposals, attempts to accomplish his desires by force, and is shot in the act by the brother of one of his victims, who walks the earth a living spectre in consequence; the wicked overseer not only organises a negro mutiny, but plots the murder of his master and the abduction of that master's only daughter, and, finally, is shot by a girl to whom he had proved false at some previous but unnamed period. These are a few of the characters and the scenes introduced; and surely there is here incident sufficient for several ordinary novels, and excitement enough for even the most exacting of sensation gluttons. There is, however, a lack of coherence in the incidents, and many of the actors seem introduced merely to suit pre-arranged events, while the events do not naturally result from the action of the characters. Then, the story being in two parts, the one told by the author, the other by the deserted child and second hero (if we may so call him), much is related over again that was already known to the reader, at least by inference. In short, the story has a certain disjointed and made-to-order air about it that greatly mars its completeness and detracts from the many excellences it exhibits. The workhouse scenes are well painted, and, we fear, are much too truthful; and the descriptions

of gipsy encampments and of low London life are hit off with a skilful pen, for few men have made the "night side" of London and vagrant life so close a study as Mr. Archer has done. Rory Lee is a happy and natural delineation, as, in a totally different vein, are Sergeant Cobbold and Silas Waine and his wronged and unhappy daughter; but we cannot say so much for Marion Rooke, evidently a favourite with the author, but whose knowledge of simples and influence over wild gipsy wanderers seem to us a little forced—at least, in a girl of her age and position. Still, with all its faults, "*A Fool's Paradise*" is a very readable book, and more entertaining than a large proportion of the novels of the day.

The Works of Virgil. Translated by DRYDEN. Edinburgh: John Ross and Company.

We have here a companion volume to the "*Homer*" published by the same firm some months ago. The present work is distinguished by the same neatness and accuracy of typography, quality of paper, good taste in binding, convenience of form, and cheapness, that characterised the two previous volumes of this excellent series of classic poets. A slight deviation is made from the order in which Virgil's works are usually given. Most previous editions followed the order of composition:—"*Pastorals*," "*Georgics*," "*Æneis*;" the present publishers place the last work first, as being, in their judgment, more likely to attract readers, and, consequently, to lead on to a fuller study of the great Mantuan. There is some force in this reasoning; for, though most critics would give the palm of merit to the "*Georgics*," the "*Æneis*," being an epic containing a history, is likely to prove most attractive to popular, as distinguished from scholarly, readers. The text followed is that of Dr. Carey, as adopted by Scott, a few emendations of halting words and phrases having been made. The remark we made concerning the volumes of *Homer* is equally applicable to this of *Virgil*: it will be a welcome addition to the library of all who wish to have a knowledge of great ancient classics, but who, not being "learned men," must be content to study them in good translations.

MR. PATRICK CUMIN, barrister-at-law, has been appointed an assistant secretary to the Committee of Council on Education.

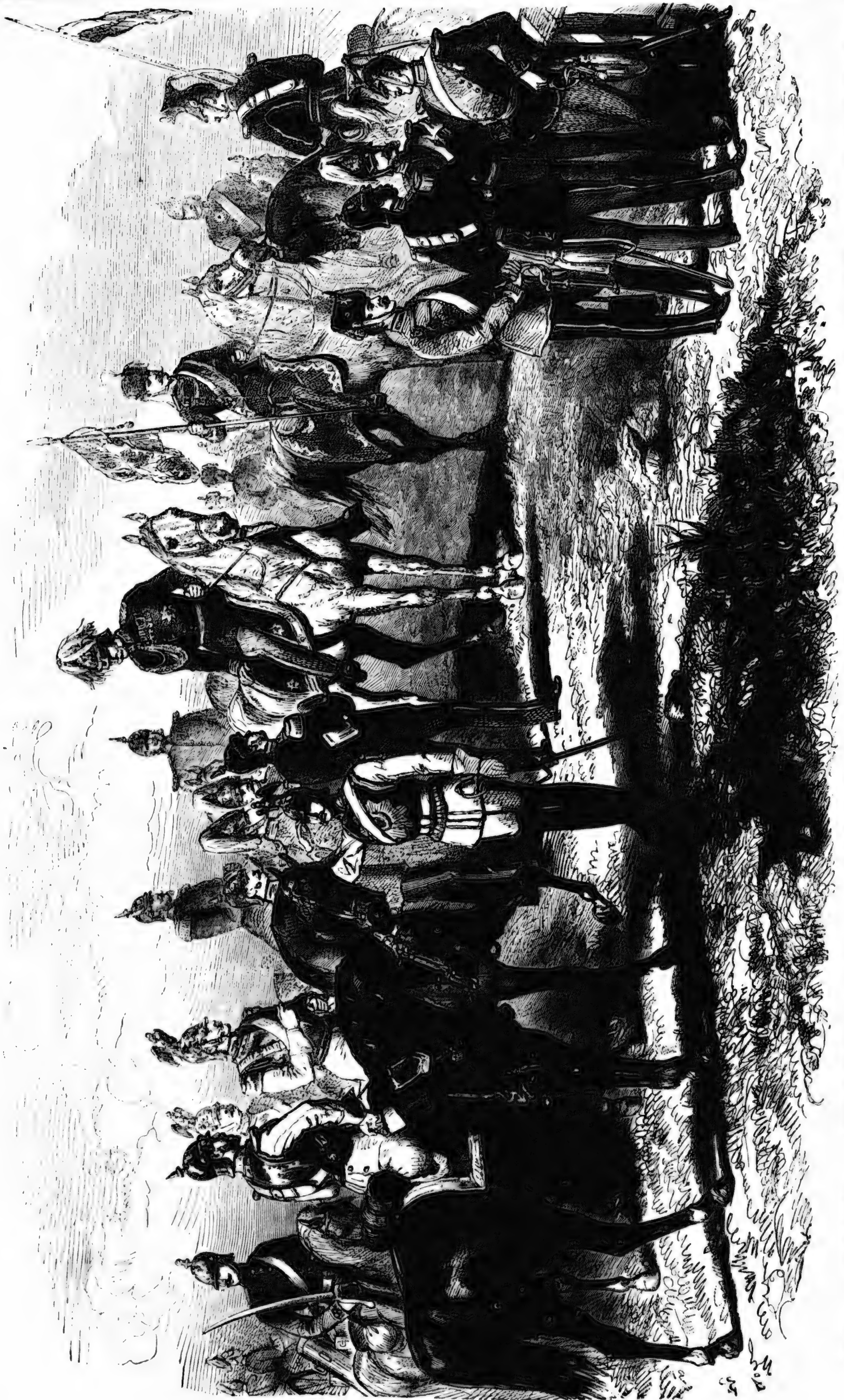
THE DOGMA OF INFALLIBILITY.—On Sunday, in all the Roman Catholic churches of London, the clergy called attention to the recent proceedings of the Oromenical Council, and added that they were requested by authority to make known to their congregations that the definitions of the Council required no other publication than the solemn act by which the Holy Father had already published them to the Universal Church. Archbishop Manning, who indorsed this statement, preached last Sunday evening at St. John's Church, Duncan-terrace, Islington.

THE BRITISH HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN.—This institution, which for many years has maintained a crowded out-patient department at No. 56, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, and more recently another of equal extent at No. 13A, Finsbury-square, has lately been anonymously presented with a £1000 Bank of England note. The committee of management have devoted this addition to their resources to the purchase of the lease of their premises in Great Marlborough-street, and to the establishment of an in-patient department, which is much needed for the proper treatment of the severer cases of disease that are daily applying for relief. But the sum so generously placed at their disposal, large as it is, falls far below what is necessary for the maintenance of the in-patients whom they will shortly be ready to receive. They hope, however, by the aid of further contributions, to be enabled to utilise in the manner proposed the munificent gift that has been intrusted to them. For those who may desire to do so meritorious a work we may state that contributions of one shilling and upwards in stamps, or by post-office order or cheques, forwarded to Mr. Alexander Bivington, the hon. secretary, at No. 56, Great Marlborough-street, will be thankfully acknowledged by him.

THE NEW LAW ON PUBLIC EDUCATION.—On Tuesday the Act to provide for public elementary education in England and Wales was issued. There are one hundred sections and five schedules in the statute, which is one of the longest of the recent Session. The Act is divided into two parts—"Local provisions for schools" and "Parliamentary grant"—and then apportioned under several heads. The new law does not extend to Scotland or Ireland. On the "religious question" there are several regulations not requiring children to attend religious instruction. The Education Department is to create school districts and provide school accommodation for the children resident in each district. A weekly fee is to be paid by each child attending school, which may be remitted on account of poverty. Free schools may be established. Any sum required to meet a deficiency in the expenses is to be paid out of the local rate. With regard to "attendance at schools," the Education Department may make by-laws and require the attendance of children not less than five years nor more than thirteen years of age. No penalty, with costs, is to exceed five shillings. After March 31 next no Parliamentary grant is to be made except to a public elementary school. In the schedules annexed to the Act there are rules as to school boards in the metropolis and elsewhere, with a description of the school districts; and the rating authorities are mentioned in the statute.

A HORRIBLE TALE.—A horrible and unique story—one alarming, also, since scarcely any limit can be placed to the danger which it suggests—has reached us from Omaha, Nebraska. It appears that last summer, while the steam-boat Utah was ascending the Missouri river from Sioux City to Fort Benton, the smallpox broke out on board, and one of the passengers died. The boat landed, and the corpse was taken ashore and buried. The burial was witnessed by a number of Indians of the Gros Ventres tribe, and as soon as the boat had resumed its course these Indians dug up the body, stripped it of the clothing in which it had been buried, and distributed the garments amongst themselves. In a few days the smallpox broke out upon the persons of those who had taken the garments, and it rapidly spread among the tribe, until out of 1900 Indians 750 had died. It is the custom with these Indians not to bury their dead, but to lay them upon the ground enveloped in the buffalo robe worn by the deceased and to cover the spot with the branches of trees. The robes inclosing the dead bodies are almost always valuable, and some of them are worth large sums of money. Incredible as it may seem, a set of traders at Fort Benton went through the country of the Gros Ventres Indians, where 750 of them had died with the smallpox, and managed to find the graves and steal from the corpses the infected robes in which they had died and been buried. Some of the men engaged in this occupation took the disease and died; but their comrades persevered and collected the robes, which they placed in a warehouse at Fort Benton, and subsequently sent them down the river. So that 600 or 700 of these infected skins, certain to carry with them one of the worst of diseases, have been forwarded to the eastern markets, and may scatter the contagion to as many different places. The smallpox subsequently broke out among other Indian tribes near Fort Benton, and the traders accumulated an additional supply of the robes taken from the dead, when the military authorities learned what was going on, and confiscated the whole lot. But the mischief that has already been done is without remedy.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—The following is a list of all pensions granted during the year ending June 20, 1870, and charged upon the Civil List (presented pursuant to Act 1 Vict., cap. 2, sec. 6):—Mrs. Lucy Sherrard Finley, £50, in consideration of her services to literature; Mr. William Allingham, £40 additional pension, in recognition of his literary merits as a poet (previous pension of £60 granted June 18, 1864); Mr. Augustus De Morgan, £100, in consideration of his distinguished merits as a mathematician; Mrs. Charlotte J. Thompson, £40, in consideration of the labours of her late husband, Mr. Thurston Thompson, as Official Photographer to the Science and Art Department, and of his personal services to the late Prince Consort; Demetrius Count Carno, of the Island of Cephalonia, £100, in recognition of his long and faithful services to the British Protectorate in the Ionian Islands; Mrs. Rachel Robertson Brodie, £80, in recognition of the historical researches and writings of her late husband, Mr. George Brodie, Historiographer Royal, of Scotland; Dame Georgiana Marianne Catherine Mayne, £150, in consideration of the personal services of her late husband, Sir Richard Mayne, to the Crown, and of the faithful performance of his duty to the public; Mr. Robert William Buchanan, £100, in consideration of his literary merits as a poet; Dame Henrietta Grace Baden Powell, £150, in consideration of the valuable services to science rendered by her husband during the thirty-three years he held the Savilian Professorship of Geometry and Astronomy at Oxford; Miss Margaret Catherine Ffennell, Miss Elizabeth Mark Ffennell, and Mrs. Charlotte Carlisle, formerly Ffennell, wife of Captain Thomas Carlisle, jointly, and to the survivors or survivor of them, £30; Miss Margaret Catherine Ffennell, £10; Miss Elizabeth Mark Ffennell, £10; Mrs. Charlotte Carlisle, £10, in recognition of the labours of their father in connection with the salmon fisheries of the United Kingdom; Mrs. Jane Dargan, £100, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Mr. William Dargan, in connection with the Dublin Exhibition of 1853 and other works of public importance in Ireland; Mr. Charlotte Christiana Sturt, £30, in consideration of the services rendered by her late husband, Captain Charles Sturt, by his geographical researches in Australia; William Henry Emmanuel Bleek, Doctor of Philosophy, £150, in recognition of his literary services and in aid of his labours in the department of philology, especially in the study of the South African languages; total, £1200.



ARTILLERY. CUIRASSIER OFFICER. BODY-GUARD OFFICERS. STAFF OFFICERS. GENERAL OF INFANTRY. RUSSIAN ENSIGNS. OFFICERS OF ARTILLERY. DRAGOONS. OFFICERS OF UHLANS.

UNIFORMS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.



GENERAL RAOULT.



GENERAL BATAILLE.



GENERAL COLSON.

GENERALS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

In addition to the portraits of some of the principal commanders in the French army published last week, we now present our readers with Portraits of three Generals who must, alas! be reckoned among those who have even thus early to be spoken of in the past. General Colson was killed in the fight at Reischaffen, and died like every soldier in the late dreadful engagements who fell upon the field—bravely doing his duty by his country. General Raoult, supposed to be wounded, fell into the hands of the Prussians in the same action, and is still a prisoner; while Bataille has also been severely wounded. Let us give the first place to the dead.

GENERAL COLSON, chief Staff officer to Marshal M'Mahon, was born at Saint Arobin, in the department of the Meuse, on Jan. 3, 1821, and, after leaving the school of St. Cyr, in 1841, entered the army in a cavalry regiment. In 1842 he became attached to the Staff Corps, in which he continued to serve during the war in the Crimea, where his admirable conduct at the battle of Inkerman raised him to the rank of commander of a squadron; and, after the taking of the Malakoff, where he was wounded both in the chest and in the head, he received the cross of Officer of the Legion of Honour. As Aide-de-Camp to General Renault, he joined the expedition against the Kabyles; and in the army of Italy he was chief of the Staff of the 1st Division of the 3rd Corps. In January, 1860, he proceeded to Russia as Military Attaché to the French Embassy, and followed the Russian expedition in the Caucasus. In 1863 he went to Rome, where he was Colonel and chief Staff officer of the French garrison. Returning to France, he had a place in the Ministry of War, and in 1868 was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, taking the command of the subdivision at Lille in the following year. His loss is a great calamity to the army, in which he was a trusted commander.

GENERAL RAOULT is an example of the simple soldier of France, without money and without influence, rising by sheer courage, energy, and work to the rank of General of Division. On leaving St. Cyr he obtained the rank of Lieutenant in 1838, and, pro-

ceeding to Africa, won the cross of the Legion of Honour and the rank of commander of a squadron. In the Crimea he was attached to Bosquet's division, and directed the work of the intrenchments before Sebastopol with so much ability that it is reported Todleben said "Raoult is my most serious enemy."

GENERAL BATAILLE was one of the most prominent officers in the French attack on Saarbrück, where his name, so appropriate to a military chief, as well as his reputation, distinguished him, no less than his daring attack in face of a destructive fire from which he did not flinch for a moment. He left St. Cyr in 1839, and in 1842 became Captain, in which capacity he obtained favourable notice under Canrobert, in 1847, in the expedition of Nemanschas, and in 1848, at the siege of Zaatcha. In 1850 he commanded the battalion of Algerian tirailleurs (Turcos). At Kabylia he was made Colonel, and at the age of forty-one became a General of Brigade. In Italy he commanded the first brigade of Trochu's division, and his courage and military skill obtained for him further distinction at Solferino. Returning from Italy, he took the command of a brigade of Infantry of the Guard; and in 1866, being made a General, was chief of the camp at Châlons. Bataille is reported as wounded in the fighting on Tuesday.

UNIFORMS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

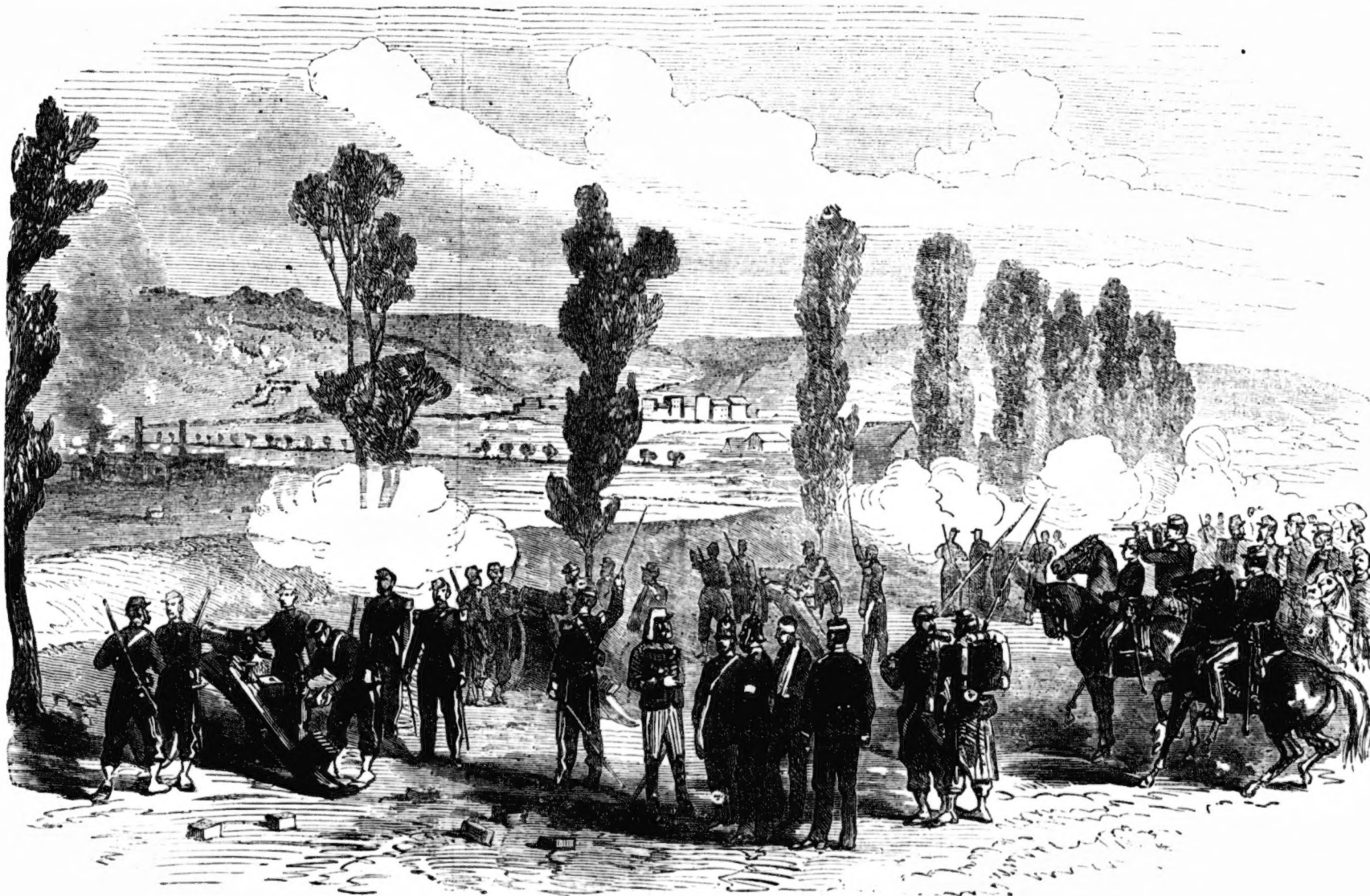
At the present juncture it will not be uninteresting to our readers to receive some representation of the uniforms and equipments of the Prussian army, which is said to be the best organised and the most completely equipped of any military force in Europe—that is to say, in the world. The system of the landwehr, by which every citizen is bound, and not only bound but willing, to serve for a certain number of years for the defence of the country, renders the organisation peculiar, and at the same time gives it a strength not easy to be otherwise supplied. From twenty to forty years of age every Prussian citizen is liable to so much military duty as may suffice to keep him up in his drill and evolutions; and in such a time as that which has now to be

lamented he is also liable to a call of all the available strength of the country—a call, however, to which he responds without much reluctance, as may be seen by the readiness with which the German employés in London houses have left their situations and presented themselves to be enrolled in the national army.

Of the uniforms and equipments with which the men are furnished our Engraving will convey an adequate idea, and will, at all events, show how the civilian element has served to modify the old pipeclay notions of torturing men by clumsy, stiff, and stifling clothing. The "stock" is still in need of reformation; but, apart from this, the Prussian uniforms are both handsome and convenient, and permit the men that freedom of action so essential to the operations of modern warfare. The army itself may be said to be composed of the Guard and eight provincial corps, numbering something like a million of soldiers. The Guard itself has two infantry divisions consisting of two brigades, and one division of cavalry of two brigades; while the eight corps d'armée are each composed of two divisions of two brigades of infantry and two of cavalry. Therefore the army contains four brigades of infantry of the Guard and thirty-two brigades of infantry of the Line, two brigades of cavalry of the Guard, and sixteen brigades of cavalry of the Line.

To each of the eight corps d'armée there is attached a brigade of artillery and a battalion of chasseurs, and to the Guard a battalion of carabiniers, a battalion of pioneers, and a train battalion.

When on a war footing the army counts in its infantry 9 regiments, 27 battalions of the Guard, 27,450 men; 72 regiments, 216 battalions of the Line, 218,088 men; 10 battalions of chasseurs, 10,060 men: making a total of 255,599. The cavalry consists of 48 regiments, 200 squadrons, Line and Guard, 30,289 men; cavalry of the Landwehr, 12 regiments, 18 squadrons, amounting to 37,561 men: making a total of 67,850. The artillery, of 155 batteries, numbering 864 guns, amounts to 28,091 men; the pioneers, 9 battalions, 36 companies, to 8454 men; and the trains and equipages, 18 battalions, 36 companies, to 30,200 men—making a grand total of nearly 360,000 men and



MITRAILLEUSES BEFORE SAARBRÜCK.—(SEE PAGE 116.)

864 guns. This force is always disposable for war; and besides these there are two other forces, the troops of the dépôts and those of the garrisons, the former consisting of 123,923 men and 144 guns, and the latter of 120,716 infantry, 5700 cavalry, 28,247 artillery, and 4134 pioneers. The entire force, therefore, amounts to 633,625 soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and 10,000 commissioned officers in command. Besides this army, however, there is the reserve of 320,000 men, in good condition for active service, making an entire total of 963,625 men.

MUSIC.

The festivals which, next week at Hereford, and the week after at Birmingham, will engross the attention of music-lovers, demand some sort of preliminary notice. Coming, as they do, at a time which, to musicians generally, is a holiday, and when nothing else is stirring in the artistic world, they conveniently fill up an awkward blank, and acquire an importance altogether apart from that belonging to them on other grounds. The Hereford Festival, for instance, would pass with scant regard three months earlier. Coming in August, the London "dailies" send their special correspondents, and make much of it.

We cannot say for the Hereford programme that it presents great novelty; but, so far, the traditions of the Three Choirs Festivals are carefully preserved. The rule has been to rely more upon familiar excellence than anything else, and mainly to lay before the rural audiences of the trio of bucolic counties only such things as have become proverbial for worthiness. We shall not call this policy unwise, setting our ignorance of local exigencies against local knowledge; nor shall we presume to doubt that the performance of acknowledged masterpieces where they are very seldom heard is a service to the production of works which may or may not turn out for good. At all events, the festivals proper, under their conservative management and the old saw, "Let well alone," may legitimately be quoted by those who would maintain them as they are. As usual, there will be four morning performances in the cathedral, two of which, also as usual, are devoted to the inevitable "Messiah" and "Elijah." Without these noble examples of oratorio no festival would be complete, and the latter as appropriately opens the Hereford programme on Tuesday next as the latter closes it on Friday. The two remaining mornings are apportioned among a very miscellaneous selection of works comprising Mozart's Twelfth Mass, Spohr's "Last Judgment," Sullivan's "Prodigal Son;" a Psalm, by Mr. Henry Holmes, entitled, "Praise Ye the Lord;" Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, and a group of pieces taken from "Judas Maccabeus." How far it is advisable to present many small works rather than a few great ones the managers best know; for our own part, we should prefer the latter course as more educational and more dignified. On this occasion there is to be given an evening performance in the cathedral, for the first time probably since the festival was instituted, more than 160 years ago. That the innovation will be popular we have no more doubt than that it will excite the bitter opposition of the influential few who look upon all concerts in a sacred building as a heinous sin. The pieces selected for Tuesday evening are Haydn's "Creation" (first part), and Mr. Barnby's new cantata "Rebekah," which the composer will personally conduct. Two secular concerts are to take place in the Shire Hall on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, the programmes ranging from a symphony by Beethoven down to Shield's "Thorn." As a matter of course, the managers aim to please all tastes at these evening gatherings; and it must be granted that they succeed in throwing a little to everybody. On Friday evening a chamber concert will be given in the College Hall; but this is an addendum to the regular proceedings which attracts only the cultured few, and need hardly be taken into account. Mr. Townshend Smith conducts the festival, in right of his position as cathedral organist, and the artists engaged are Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Miss Marian Severn, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley. We hear that the prospects of the festival are good, and that Prince and Princess Christian will give *clat* to the proceedings by their presence.

What Hereford lacks in novelty will be amply made up at Birmingham the following week, not less than five works having been expressly composed for the great midland festival. Taking them in order of performance, these are a cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," by Mr. John Francis Barnett; a cantata, "Ode to Shakespeare," by Professor R. P. Stewart, of Dublin; an "Overture di Ballo," by Mr. A. S. Sullivan; a cantata, "Mala and Damayanti," by Herr Ferdinand Hiller; and an oratorio, "St. Peter," by Mr. Benedict. To say that we know nothing of these important compositions would be untrue; but the reader will feel that criticism upon them, before their actual production and after a partial hearing, would amount to impertinence, possibly to injustice. We refrain, therefore, and simply state that, in more than one case, it will be found that the art is richer for the Birmingham festival of 1870. The more or less familiar things in the programme of the four morning concerts are "Elijah," "Naaman," "The Messiah," and Mozart's "Requiem." Miscellaneous selections are the rule in the evenings; the only exception being on Friday, when Handel's "Samson" is set down for performance. A group of pieces by Beethoven, including his E flat pianoforte concerto and the overture to "Egmont," recognises poorly enough the centenary of the great master's birth. The other principal features are Beethoven's piano and violin sonata (op. 49), the overture to "Guillaume Tell," and Weber's magnificent prelude to "Der Freischütz." He must have a very peculiar taste who would find fault with this scheme, and we are very sure that little occasion for adverse criticism will be presented by the performance. Sir Michael Costa again conducts the magnificent orchestra which has made the Birmingham Festival so famous. The chorus, we are told, equals that of past years, and the principal artists are the following:—Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. di Murska, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli; Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton. Such an array of names is a guarantee of success everybody can appreciate; and it may be confidently expected that the Birmingham performances will again prove second to none.

THE ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS commenced practice, at Shoeburyness, on Tuesday, under very auspicious circumstances.

DIPLOMATISTS AT DOVER.—Count Bernstorff, the Prussian Ambassador in London, paid a visit to Walmer Castle, where Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone are staying, on Sunday, and then returned to Dover, leaving there for London on Monday. On Sunday morning Count Benedetti, late the French Ambassador at Berlin, and who is so much mixed up with the cause of the war, crossed over from Dover to Calais, having been on a visit to England. He was accompanied by a messenger from the French Foreign Office. Prince Murat, one of Marshal M'Mahon's aides-de-camp, arrived at Dover by the English mail-packet from Calais last Saturday morning, and came to London. It is said the Prince also visited Walmer, and returned to Calais on Saturday night by the English mail-packet, and proceeded en route to the Emperor.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A YOUNG LADY.—On Tuesday, at a meeting of the Royal Humane Society, the silver medal was unanimously voted to Miss Ina Cummins, a young lady eighteen years of age, for saving Mrs. K. Jack, under the following circumstances:—A number of ladies were bathing at Whitpoint, Queenstown, and among them Mrs. Jack, the wife of the surgeon on board her Majesty's ship *Mersey*. Mrs. Jack was dipping in the usual way customary to ladies, and ventured to go a little too far out for the purpose of trying to swim in, when, on raising her feet from the bottom, she found she was borne out by a strong current. Finding herself being carried away, she screamed. There was no boat near the spot, and in a few moments she would probably have been drowned had not Miss Cummins, who was in the bathing-box dressing, immediately rushed into the water and swam towards the drowning lady. Having reached her with considerable difficulty, Miss Cummins clutched her with one arm, and with the other ultimately succeeded in swimming with her to shallow water, Mrs. Jack being so much exhausted that her rescuer had to pull her entire weight through the water before any assistance could be obtained.

THE HARVEST AND THE CROPS.

MR. JAMES SAUNDERSON, whose annual reports on the harvest are of so much value and interest, thus details the results of his observation this year:—

In my harvest report of last year I estimated the wheat crop to be 26 bushels per acre, or 13 per cent below average; and, low as that estimate was generally considered, yet the true test of the thrashing-machine proved that actual results fell short of my estimated yield.

In the counties of Norfolk, Lincoln (excepting the fen districts), York, and in all the midland counties, the yield proved sadly disappointing; and crops which, judging from their bulk, would be favourable seasons have yielded six quarters per acre, did not produce three quarters. As I anticipated, the counties of Kent, Essex, and, I can now add, Northumberland, produced an average yield; but, taking England throughout, I do not hesitate—after having obtained returns of several thousands of acres of wheat that I inspected growing—to put the average yield of the wheat crop of 1869 at 24 bushels per acre, or 6 bushels per acre below average, or, compared with the unequalled crop of 1868, one third deficient. One thing is certain, that, partly from the inadequate prices—prices which the condition of the home crop did not warrant—and partly from the indifferent yield, the wheat crop of 1869 has proved to be one of the least remunerative the exclusive wheat-grower of England ever experienced.

Turning to the present year, which has been characterized throughout by a severe drought, there has been much to awaken in the mind of the farmer alternate hopes and fears. In the early part of the season all spring crops gave promise of great abundance, but the absence of rain and the prevalence of a scorching sun throughout May and the early part of June so stunted their appearance that at the middle of June we seemed, so far as all crops were concerned, excepting wheat, to be on the verge of a famine. Fortunately, rain fell in most parts of England on June 16, and the aspect of all crops rapidly improved. Stunted and withered stems quickly increased in length, ears which otherwise would have remained unsheathed soon became visible, and fields of oats and barley, which but for the rain could not have been cut by sickle or machine, have yielded about half a crop.

The forcing weather throughout June and July rapidly matured all crops, and by the middle of July the cutting of oats commenced in several districts. The oat crop was so much earlier this season than its sister cereals that in several districts there was a break between the oat and wheat harvests. Cereals are singularly well ripened, the general use of the machine in making short work of the reaping process, and, from the withered state of the straw and hardened condition of the grain, the process of in-gathering rapidly succeeds that of cutting. With a continuance of favourable weather up to the end of next week the greater proportion of the cereal crops will be secured.

But to deal with the different crops more in detail. The wheat plant in its embryo stage was by no means promising, especially on light soils. A large area had got a too loose and dry seed bed; the ravages of the wireworm proved unusually severe; and the frequent naked frosts, by "lifting" the soil, so decimated the plants and weakened those which were left with any vitality, that a considerable area under wheat was ploughed up and sown with spring corn. Hence, on all shallow surface soils, incumbent on shale or gravel, the wheat crop is thinly planted, very short in straw, and must give a very poor yield. On the other hand, on all compact or what farmers aptly term "holding" land, the wheat plant passed the severe winter unscathed. Even on this description of soil, however, the appearance of the wheat crop up to the middle of May did not promise an average yield. From the hot weather which then set in the wheat crop greatly improved. The blooming season was most favourable, and up to the time of cutting the prospects of the yield gradually improved. The results are, that on all strong soils, as well as on light soils incumbent on cool subsoils—which embrace the deep chalk marls of Kent, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the London, Oxford, and Weald clays; the red sandstones of Hereford and Worcester; the carboniferous limestones of Derby and Northumberland; and the red marls of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire; and especially on the Lincoln and Cambridgeshire fens—the wheat crop is considerably above average. The crop thus varies from that of the poorest description on shallow soils, which rest on porous strata, to that of the finest quality on really wheat soils. The fact that I have walked through several fields, the yield of which will not exceed six bushels per acre, and through others which will produce seventy-two bushels, may indicate the varied character of the wheat crop, but furnishes no data upon which to base the average yield. The question is simply that of comparative acreage, and, after having carefully considered that point, I estimate the average acreage yield of wheat of this year's crop to be thirty bushels, or just an average crop. Compared with those of 1868, the heads are short, but the spikelets are closely set and filled with bright, fully developed, and well-conditioned grain.

The results obtained from thrashed-out fields are such as might be anticipated, viz., that the yield of wheat on strong soils has exceeded, while that on light soils has fallen short of, expectations.

From the total failure of seeds in 1868, and their partial failure in 1869, together with barley being the most remunerative crop last year, I estimate that the wheat area this year is under average, and consequently that the total produce of wheat will, from a diminished area, fall short of an average.

A review of the barley crop is less encouraging. Unlike wheat, the barley crop was most promising in its earliest stage. A better seed-bed was never secured, and the finely pulverised soil, which tends to retain moisture and avert drought, warranted the prediction of a large crop. The brabid was healthy, regular, and vigorous; but before the plant shaded the land the drought had the mastery, and on a large area of gravelly soils the plant died at the root before it was in the ear.

The barley crop, like wheat, is good on deep, cool subsoils; but, while wheat embraces by far the largest area of such soils, the proportion allotted to barley is exceedingly small.

On one of the best-farmed farms in the county of Rutland, which I walked over last week, there are 100 acres of barley which will not yield two quarters per acre. The soil is light and gritty, and is easily injured by heat or cold. Taking the barley crop altogether, I estimate it at 20 per cent below average.

Oats were also put into the soil under favourable conditions. They assumed a fine healthy hue soon after braving; but, like barley, they eventually succumbed to the drought. Like barley, also, they are exceedingly short in straw, but the ears are comparatively large. I estimate the oat crop to be 15 per cent under average.

Of all farm crops beans are by far the worst. In many instances the stems are not a foot long, and although well podded compared with the length of stems, their yield must prove very inadequate. From being so short and the pods being close to the ground, pulling, instead of cutting, has in several cases been resorted to. I estimate the bean crop to be one third deficient.

Peas are also short in straw, but singularly well podded, of excellent quality, and a large breadth has been secured in excellent condition. This crop is average.

In many parts of the southern counties the potato crop is inferior, the tubers being few and small. In the chief potato-growing counties, however, such as Kent, Cambridge, York, East Lothian, and Perth, the yield promises to be average, the quality good, and as yet there are no symptoms of disease.

Mangold, the most successful root in a dry season, is somewhat late, but the plants are regular and healthy.

No root crop suffers so severely from a dry season as turnips. Fortunately this year, from the action of naked frosts, the soil was in the finest preparatory state for the reception of this hazardous plant; but, in the majority of instances, the crop first sown was taken by the fly, and re-sowing was imperative. Although rather late, and there are many fields which have proved a total failure, yet the crop generally is healthy, is rapidly improving, and, with a favourable autumn, may prove an average crop.

Hay—natural and artificial—in all the southern, midland, and eastern counties, has wellnigh been a total failure.

Pastures up to the beginning of last week were severely scorched, and in no year since 1818 have they yielded so little "feed." Even the usually rich grazings of Northampton and Leicester have been almost as bare as the public roads, and stock, cattle and sheep, upon them greedily fed upon hay and straw, and, besides, required a liberal supply of artificial food. Pastures were as bare and barren during the months of June and July in 1868 as in the corresponding months of this year; but there is this difference between the two seasons—that in the early part of the grazing season of 1868 pastures afforded about 100 lbs. of hay per acre; whereas, in the present year, pastures, from the cold nights which prevailed throughout April and May, never made a start. The grazier has, therefore, this season suffered most severely; and, unless favoured by a growing autumn and a mild winter, as in 1868, to enable him in some measure to recoup his summer's losses, the year 1870 will prove to him very disastrous.

Happy, as I have made respecting one and all of the crops do not apply to every county in England. The counties of Lancaster, Westmorland, and Cumberland are exceptional. In these counties all the cereal crops are average, root crops are promising, hay (natural and artificial) is a double-crop, pastures are abundant; and seeds, which elsewhere are a total failure, are luxuriant.

Although, as I have already said, the light-land farmer and the grazier will suffer heavy losses, yet to the British farmer generally there is much to be said for the present season that is cheering. Crops of every description have proved better than their appearance at one time indicated; beef and mutton command high prices; the value of store cattle, usually unsalable in years of extreme drought, has been maintained; and at the great lamb fairs recently held in the north the high prices of last year have been exceeded.

Mr. Mechi says that he has been assured by farmers from Scotland and Ireland that they never had a more favourable season for their general crops. This (Mr. Mechi adds) is important, for those two countries contain 20,000,000 acres under

various kinds of crops; the whole of the United Kingdom only contains 45,000,000 acres under crops, as per return to the Board of Trade. Nine tenths of our wheat crop are grown in England. The effect of drought on light warm soils is this year painfully striking, in contrast with cold heavy soils. A neighbour of mine has just sold ten acres of wheat, with the straw and chaff, for £20, or only £2 per acre—the buyer, of course, paying harvesting expenses. On my stiff clay my first yield of wheat, drilled with one bushel per acre, yields 6 qrs. 2 bushels per acre, and sold for 59s. per quarter, or £18 8s. 9d. per acre, independent of the valuable straw and chaff. The expense of cutting, binding, stooking, and carting to the thrashing-machine was 9s. 6d. per acre.

SPY-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

SPY-HUNTING has lately become a favourite amusement with French patriots, as well in the capital as on the frontier; and not much pains are taken to make sure that the game is of the genuine sort. It is enough that a man is a stranger, that he speaks French with a foreign accent, and that some one fancies he "looks like a Prussian;" he is sure to be denounced, hunted, maltreated, and may think himself lucky if some one in authority be at hand to judge his case with official discretion. The consequence is that many persons—including not a few English newspaper correspondents—have been exceedingly ill-used; while it is probable that numerous real German spies have escaped while the patriots were engaged in hunting sham ones. The *Paris Liberte* states that on Saturday last eight Prussian spies—real ones this time—were brought into Metz. One of them is a Belgian named Schulz, who had been sought for by the authorities for some time past, and who is believed to be the chief agent of the Prussian spy system in the Moselle district. Another is a priest of the Palatinate, and the other six are of various professions. These last were captured near our advanced posts at Thionville. A letter from Besançon, published in the *Moniteur*, says that a prisoner has recently been arrested in the town whose mysterious movements had excited suspicion. A sum of 5000f. was found in his possession, and he admitted that he had been residing in the town for a month past. He gave the name of Delahaye, and says he is a mechanic, and had come from London by way of Germany. There are myriads of Prussian spies in France, especially in the neighbourhood of Belfort. In Paris a man was arrested, on Sunday, as a Prussian spy. He had entered a hotel in the Boulevard du Strasbourg, quite out of breath, and asked for a bed-room, but, in the first instance, for some refreshment. The landlord, struck by his appearance and his anxious manner, communicated with the police, who arrested the man, upon whom they found a sum of 900f. in gold and the trousers-strips of the uniform of a Bavarian officer. At Pantin, near Paris, a man, who admitted that he was of Prussian birth, was arrested. He declared that he had left Germany to avoid military service, and that he had engaged in the cattle trade at La Villette. A large sum of money was found upon him, and he remains in custody.

An English clergyman, the Rev. Seneca W. Winter, who had been for some weeks performing the Anglican services at Fontainebleau, thus relates his experiences in a letter dated the 10th inst.:—

Yesterday I was tempted to visit Montreux, a small town about eleven miles distant, where the "last and not the least" of Napoleon's victories was obtained over the allied armies on Feb. 18, 1814. While reconnoitring the place with my son, who had with him a small net for catching butterflies, we were accosted by a rough-looking fellow, who most abruptly inquired what our business was at Montreux, saying to himself, *soltu tuce*, that it looked rather suspicious. We turned from him, but were immediately followed by others, equally as ill-looking, and then the thought at once entered my mind that they took us for Prussian spies; which, alas! proved to be true; for we had not proceeded many steps when we were gently tapped on the shoulder by a gendarme, and requested to follow him. We did so, and soon found ourselves prisoners in a miserable and antiquated casemate. My son was taken from me by one of the guards, and I was ordered by the commissaire to undress in the presence of several gendarmes. My pockets were searched, and every article most minutely scrutinised. I was then requested to write my name, address, and what other particulars concerning myself I might think necessary. This I did, and told the august functionary if he doubted the truth of the statement made, to telegraph to Fontainebleau, that it might be verified. Instead of this, I was kept for an hour and a half, being questioned and cross-questioned in the most ridiculous manner. In the mean time the people assembled by hundreds, yelling and shouting in the most fiendish manner. One man entered, and stated that he had seen us on the day before partaking of breakfast at the railway station, which, of course, I denied, but was not believed. Another entered, and stated that he had seen us enter an inn known for its republican tendencies; and another stated that he had seen us busily engaged in sketching a plan of the village. I certainly had not entered an inn; but I had copied, in my pocket-book, the inscription on the foot of the statue of Napoleon, erected on the spot where he took charge of the cannon and drove back the allies. However, spite of my protestations and complaints of the indignity to which I had been subjected, a voiture was announced as having arrived, and, under an escort, we were ordered to proceed to Fontainebleau, and appear before the Commissioner of Police, who, if satisfied of our identity, would give the order for release. Thus were we prisoners for full five hours, and then were told that it was fortunate we had escaped so well, as the police had that day received orders to imprison, without making any inquiry, any foreigner found without a passport, matter who or what he might be. I may add that it was well that we left under an escort of gendarmes, for on leaving the casemate we encountered a vast crowd of the inhabitants, who followed us with yells and cries of an inconceivable description; and, by their gestures, I verily believe that, had they possessed the power of seizing us, we should have been thrown into the Seine or suspended from the first lamp-post, or, it may be, literally torn to pieces.

The special correspondent in Paris of the *Daily News*, writing on Monday, gives the following warning to intending visitors to that city:—

Don't come to Paris. Abolish from your minds the exploded aphorism *Civis Romanus sum*; root out the lingering conviction that Englishmen are privileged. Judge Lynch is supreme here whenever it pleases him to show his authority, and the British-speaking subject who comes to Paris voluntarily is a man who puts his head into a lion's den. To be followed by *mouchards*, to have your outgoings and your incomings put down, to live in a state of pleasant uncertainty as to what the next hour may bring forth—all this is nothing. It is when action follows that the real force of the situation comes home. Take the twopenny *enroute* on Sunday on the Boulevard Voltaire. You are, we will say, an English tourist, gazing open-mouthed at the shops and the people, and stopping for a moment opposite a station of the Paris fire-brigade. Some rough-looking fellows, in blouses, push their way along the pavement, going, you think, to spend their Sunday afternoon in one of the many workmen's cafés or billiard-rooms which abound thereabouts. Then comes, without a moment's warning, a scuffle, a report of firearms, round the fire-station's door, and, presto! the pomper on duty is lying dead, the whole street resounds with "Death to the Prussians!" "To arms, citizens!" "Line the barricades!" Then there are more reports of firearms, and the sergeants-de-ville who come up are shot at, and fall pale and bleeding on the flagstones. Next there is inextricable confusion. Women shriek, children cry, men seize upon other men, declaring them (without evidence) to be agents of the vile Bismarck. What you see bears a strong family likeness to an ordinary street row; it is only "the villainous saltpetre" and the brandished pouldrars which mark the difference. Boisterous, ruffianly men—men who are patriotic, men who are struck stupid, men who mouth and bellow, men who claw the air impotently, men who denounce without meaning and declaim without sense—are mixed up in an indescribable hodge-podge. Our representative British tourist may be making off. But he has reckoned without his host. A dreadfully precocious boy is watching him, and shrieks out that he is a Prussian. This is enough. The varieties of the genus homo who were buffeting each other become wonderfully unanimous on the instant. The offenders against the law, who have not been able to run away, cloak their own participation in the recent criminal outrage by shouting "Death to the Prussian!" with even greater vigour than the rest; while the bulk of the crowd, who are well affected or unprepared, let off their superfluous patriotism in the blows and oaths they level at the stranger. In vain does the unhappy man endeavour to explain himself in the choicest French of *Stratford-at-Bow*. The people don't understand him, and his palpable Anglicisms are said to be "an fort accents Allemand." Who can reason with an angry mob? Who can assuage its unreasonable and unreasoning terrors? Our stranger is fortunate if he only has his eyes blacked, his nose beaten in, his body bruised, his hat smashed, his watch stolen, and his clothes torn off his back. Well for him, too, if he be taken into custody speedily. The soldiers are more merciful, or at least less turbulently misanthropic, than the people, and they do their best to preserve his life for justice, as they bear him, strongly guarded, through the streets to prison.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE.

UNDER this heading we observe in the papers an advertisement announcing the offer of a prize of twenty guineas by the editor of the *Gardener's Magazine* for the best essay on irrigation, as applied both to the farm and the garden, and with reference both to the storage of rainfall and the utilisation of sewage. We gladly give publicity to the offer, hoping thereby to augment and sustain the interest which we trust will be evoked by the judicious and spirited conduct of our able horticultural contemporary. It is time, indeed, that the engineer stood at the elbow of the farmer and occasionally give the gardener also the benefit of practical advice. Ever since the days of drainage dawned we have been drifting into ruinous habits in respect of the employment of water in the cultivation of the land, and in seasons of drought, like those of 1868 and 1870, we have had to behold burnt-up fields and unproductive gardens which might have been luxurious and profitable beyond compare had but precautions been taken to store for use when wanted the surplus rainfall of the winters immediately preceding. The condition of pastures and garden lawns throughout the whole of the past season has been a reproach to agriculture and horticulture alike, proving that the practitioners of these arts have hitherto neglected to take the engineer into counsel with them. We can but echo the words of the editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*, when he says:—"The needs of the farm are repeated in the garden. The case of the river is reproduced in the brook. Almost every garden in the land would have been the better for more water than it has obtained during the past three months. It is a question if the water-pot and the ordinary garden-engine do not represent an enormous waste of labour for very poor results. It is possible, too, that a system of irrigation might be devised for gardens which would enhance their beauty and productiveness a thousand times. Might we not, for example, send nourishing streams through numerous channels amongst our peas, beans, cauliflowers, cabbages, and potatoes, which we now leave to battle with drought, or actually injure by dribbling drains of water amongst them by means of paltry watering-pots? In almost every garden there is a lack of water in a dry season, or if no lack of water, lack of skill in employing it, else why should we see the grass plots burnt up by Midsummer Day, and thenceforward rendered hideous by drought until the end of September? Yet, in how many of the burnt-up gardens are there streams and springs that never fail; ditches that are noisome as they flow, but stores of wealth and health for such as will divert their blackened waters to the land? It is time the gardener was instructed in the simplest modes of raising water from wells and of preparing the water for use by exposure to sunshine, and of applying it, at last, with a view to the economising of every precious drop, not only in the lifting and distributing but also in the final result, so that every drop shall perform its due share in the production of leaf, flower, and fruit."

A STORMY SCENE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

THERE was an extraordinary sitting of the Corps Législatif on Sunday. It was rather personal and stormy.

M. ARAGO presented a petition praying the Chamber to order that all students at schools, preparing for the priesthood, should be subjected to military service.

M. GIRAUD proposed urgency.—Refused.

M. GAMBETTA—I wish to ask the Government for an explanation of the communications from the seat of war, which do not in their exactitude or their rapidity satisfy the anxiety of the citizen. A notice was published on the 13th refuting the rumoured occupation of Nancy, of which several of our colleagues were informed. The *Esperance* of that town said, on the 13th, that at three the previous afternoon four Prussian soldiers took possession (movement) of Nancy, capital of Lorraine, chief town of the Meurthe. Not a single French soldier remained there.

M. BIROTEAU—There were citizens!

M. JULES FAYRE—Without arms! (Noise.)

M. GAMBETTA—In presence of such news I should meet here with only the silence of consternation.

M. JUBINAL—No, not consternation!

M. GAMBETTA—We are governed and defended by incapacity; and as for you, Sir, who interrupt me, you, whose past complaisance has contributed to draw on us such misfortunes, the only attitude befitting you is that of silence and remorse (Exclamations and cries of "Order, order!") Applause on the Left.

M. JUBINAL—You have had on your side acts of complaisance for others (Uproar). Do not insult. Let us respect each other.

M. GAMBETTA—If the deputy who has interrupted me is offended by my words, as I have only described his conduct, he must look for the insult in his past acts (Noise. Applause on the Left.)

M. JUBINAL—I do not repudiate my previous conduct, but I call you to order.

The PRESIDENT—Once more, this is not the moment for personalities. Continue, M. Gambetta.

M. GAMBETTA—The journal of Nancy adds that in the interest of the citizens the municipal authorities had recommended the inhabitants to remain calm; that half an hour later twenty-six Prussians passed through the town; that the Mayor was sent for, and was under the necessity of assembling the Municipal Council and obtaining a vote of 50,000fr., with a large number of ratings of oats; that the enemy had at first demanded 300,000fr.; that the rails of the line had been torn up and the telegraph posts been thrown down. The question is now to know for what reason that news was contradicted by a Government which sets aside the control of the representatives of the country (Disson). We have to consider whether we are to continue a system which to negligence adds misrepresentation, and which creates the suspicion that the interest of a dynasty is placed above that of a nation ("Hear, hear!") on the Left. Loud protestations of denial.

M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE—We were united a few days back; let us remain so.

M. DUVERNOIS—The Government has no interest in concealing the truth. If it does not publish any news, the reason is that it has none.

M. ESTANCELIN—You will not escape this dilemma; either you are badly informed, or you do not act in good faith (Noisy interruptions).

The PRESIDENT—I cannot permit the good faith of a Minister or deputy to be called in question (Hear).

M. ESTANCELIN—You are badly informed if you were only made acquainted with this fact twenty-four hours after myself; if, knowing it, you have concealed and denied it, I ask the President to inform me how I ought to say that to hide the truth is to act with bad faith ("Hear, hear!") on the Left.

M. BRAME (Minister of Public Instruction)—I declare boldly that the Cabinet of Aug. 10 is not a political one, but one of national defence (Hear hear). We have decided on publishing all the news we receive, whatever it may be (Applause).

The Marquis DE PIRE—Political questions after the deliverance of the country.

M. BRAME—Yes; our principal mission is the defence of the national soil. We have accepted all your demands.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE AND LIFE.

LOMBARD-STREET, LONDON;

AND
NORTH JOHN-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SECURITY TO LIFE ASSURERS.

From a quinquennial valuation of the entire Life Liabilities made as at Dec. 31, 1869, by independent Actuaries, at 5 per cent net premiums, the Life Assets showed a SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES OF £249,956, enabling the Directors to declare a Reversionary Bonus amounting to £7 10s. per cent on each sum assured for the five years, and to still hold in reserve all profits accrued on Annuities and Endowments.

EXTRACT FROM LAST ANNUAL REPORT.

After payment of Dividend and Bonuses, the FUNDS of the Company stand as follows:—

Capital paid up	£289,095	0s.	0d.
Reserve Fund, and Profit and Loss Account	285,925	10s.	0d.
Life Assurance Funds	1,173,401	9s.	1d.

JOHN H. M'LAUREN, Manager.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.



COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLOUR,

PREPARED FROM RICE.

The Staple food of more than Three Hundred Million (300,000,000) of People.

Is unequalled for BLANC-MANGE, CUSTARDS, PUDDINGS, CAKES, SOUPS, &c.

Is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children and Invalids.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BLANC-MANGE.

Take four ounces (or four full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour, and one quart of milk, sweetened to the taste, then add a pinch of salt. Mix a portion of the milk (cold) with the Flour into a thin paste; then add the remainder hot, with a piece of lemon-peel or cinnamon. Boil gently for eight or ten minutes, well stirring it all the time; and (after taking out the peel) pour it into a mould to cool. Served with preserved fruit, jelly, &c.

"Rice-Flour is Corn-Flour, and I regard this preparation of Messrs. COLMAN'S as superior to anything of the kind now before the public."

EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., Medical Officer of Health, St. James's, Westminster, &c."

COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLOUR

Is to be obtained of all Grocers, Oilmen, and Druggists, in 1 lb., ½ lb., and ¼ lb. packets.

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THE ONLY REALLY SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE ON THE ROTATING HOOK PRINCIPLE, WITH

PATENT HOOK AND NEEDLE GUARD,

which no other Machine possesses, not excepting the "Wheeler and Wilson."

Prospectuses and Samples sent free by post. Instructions gratis. Agents wanted.

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ENTIRE WHEAT FLOUR.

A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

It is distinguished from all other foods, as containing in itself all the elements of a really good food, whereas most others are very deficient in plastic materials, and are wholly wanting in earthy matters necessary for the formation and preservation of the teeth and bones.

From the "Lancet," April 2, 1870.

"We hope it will take the place of the purely starchy compounds now in use, both in the case of children and of adults."

From Professor ATTFIELD, F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c.

"It is incomparably superior to arrowroot, corn flour, and other forms of starch, which contribute but little to the formation of bone or muscle."

Sold by Family Grocers, Druggists, &c., in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and 3s. tins.

Sole Proprietors—ORLANDO JONES and CO., Starchmakers to the Queen, London.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

£6000 WORTH, THE BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

THREE FRAMES, 2s. 11d.; FOUR FRAMES, 3s. 4d.; FIVE FRAMES (THE BEST MADE), 3s. 6d.

At WM. WAINE'S, 131 to 139, NEWINGTON-BUTTS.

I assert that I knew nothing of that despatch until noon to-day (Noise).

M. DUVERNOIS—We were unacquainted with it.

M. ARAGO—There are some Ministers, then, who are fully informed?

M. MAGNIN—M. Duvernois, who is a confidant, ought to know (Noise).

M. BRAME—I declare that I am not of those Ministers, and I do not admit that men, all of whose opinions I do not share, but whom I have joined from a feeling of patriotism, desire to conceal anything from me. I know and answer for them (Hear, hear).

M. DUVERNOIS—I cannot admit that, when I affirm, on my honour, that I was unacquainted with the despatch, I should be told I knew it because I was a confidant (Hear, hear). I am a responsible Minister, and the Chamber knows that I have pride enough not to remain one minute on these benches the day it ceases to have confidence in me (Loud applause).

In the course of the sitting General Comte de Palikao stated that General Bazaine was now sole Commander-in-Chief of the whole army. He also affirmed that the defences of Paris would soon be complete.

THE NEW ACT ON JURIES.

LAST Saturday an Act, passed on the 9th inst., to amend the laws relating to the qualifications, summoning, attendance, and remuneration of special and common juries was issued. There are twenty-five sections in the statute, and a schedule of the descriptions of persons exempt from serving on juries. The Act will take effect on the first day of Michaelmas Term, Nov. 2 next. It is not to apply to Scotland or Ireland. The status required for a special juror is defined, as also of juries in Wales. Aliens to be qualified after ten years' domicile. Convicts, except outlaws, are disqualified. The overseers are to specify special jurors, and disqualification or exemption to be pleaded before the revision of the list. Justices are to certify the jury lists after revision. Special jurors' names to be retained in jurors' book. Special jurors for London and Middlesex are to be provided in the same manner as in other counties. The present practice of nominating special jurors in London and Middlesex is abolished. In London and Middlesex, subject to any rules which may be made by any of the superior Courts in that behalf, any party to any action triable at any of the sittings of the superior Courts, shall be entitled to have the cause tried by a special jury, upon the same conditions as would entitle him to have it so tried in any county other than London and Middlesex. In London

and Middlesex every Court or Judge shall have the same power of ordering that a cause be tried by a special jury as the like Court or Judge would have if the cause were tried in any other county than London and Middlesex. With respect to the summoning of jurors it is enacted that no person shall be summoned to serve on any jury or inquest (except a grand jury) more than once in any one year, unless all the jurors upon the list shall have been already summoned to serve during such year. No person to be exempted from serving as a common juror by being on the list as a special juror, and "no person shall be summoned or liable to serve as a juror in more than one court on the same day. Jurors are to be entitled to six days' notice, and regulations are to be made by sheriffs as to the attendance. On the subject of remuneration it is provided:—"Every special juror when summoned for the purpose of trying special jury cases, at the rate of £1 1s. for every day of his attendance. The remuneration of a juror when trying common jury cases shall be at the rate of 10s. for every day of his attendance. The above-mentioned remuneration shall be paid by the parties to the causes to be tried, and for that purpose each of the said parties shall deposit such sum of money as may be determined by any rule of the Court in which the cause is depending, and such deposit shall be made at such time and with such officer as the said Court may prescribe." Jurors may be allowed a fire when out of court, "and be allowed reasonable refreshment, such refreshment to be procured at their own expense." The Judges of the superior courts are empowered to make rules to carry out the several provisions of the Act. The jury-lists in the city of London are to be made out as before the passing of the Act. The new statute does not provide for the payment of jurors in criminal cases, and there is some ambiguity as to payment of jurors in civil cases. A special juror, "when summoned for the purpose of trying special jury cases," is to be paid for every day of his attendance, and a common juror, "when trying common jury cases, at the rate of 10s. for every day of his attendance."

THE NEW LAW ON MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.—On Monday the Act was printed to amend the law relating to the property of married women. There are seventeen sections, and the Act came into operation on the 9th inst., when it received the Royal assent. The earnings

of married women, acquired or gained "after the passing of the Act," are to be declared their own property, and deposits in savings banks as their separate property. There are provisions as to property in the funds and in joint-stock banks, or in a society. All deposits in fraud of creditors are invalid. Personal and freehold property coming to a married woman to be her own. In any question between husband and wife as to property under this Act the Court of Chancery or County Court is to settle the matter. A married woman may effect a policy of insurance on her own life or that of her husband for her separate use, and a husband may insure his life for the benefit of his wife or his wife and children. Husbands are not to be liable for the debts of their wives before marriage; and if the wives have separate property they can be sued. Married women having separate property are to be liable to parishes when their husbands or children become chargeable.

SHOCKING MURDER IN WEST BROMPTON.

Within a quarter of a mile of Paulton-square, where Mrs. Boss was murdered, and half a mile of the place where the Rev. Mr. Huelin met his death at the same hand which killed his house-keeper, a horrible murder was discovered on Tuesday afternoon. In the neighbourhood of West Brompton a great deal of building has been for some time going forward, and as a natural result the locality has been crowded by workmen employed at the buildings. A public-house—the Drayton Arms—has enjoyed a very large share of the men's custom, and the potman of the house, Walter Lee, aged thirty-eight years, and a cripple, has been in the habit of letting the workmen have their beer during the week and collecting from them each Saturday the amount of their respective scores. Lee was a sober, saving man, and besides accommodating the masons, carpenters, and plasterers with drink on credit, he supplemented the accommodation by lending men a shilling or two when they were in need of a loan, which at the close of the week he also collected, charging them a small amount of interest. This system has gone on for some time, and Lee and his customers generally appeared to be on the best of terms; and when the crippled potman had his money collected on the Saturday the workmen used to chaff him upon the store of coin he was accumulating by means of his little loans. Last Saturday he went round as usual and made his weekly collection, at the end of which he is supposed to have had a considerable amount of money on his person. Lee took his departure from the buildings, but he did not return to the Drayton Arms. There were many conjectures as to what had happened to him, and search was made for him in the neighbourhood, unavailing, however, until Tuesday afternoon, about half-past four, when he was found in an unfinished house, No. 3, Glenow-gardens, brutally murdered. On the unfortunate man's forehead there was a large wound, apparently inflicted by a hammer, and on the back of the head was a terrific open wound which split the skull, through which the brain protruded. The supposition is that he first received the blow on the forehead, which stunned him, and that when he was down the blow, which must have caused instantaneous death, was inflicted on the back of his head. The house in which the murdered man was found is one of a block of large houses, which are nearly finished—the plasterers being the only tradesmen employed at them now in finishing off the walls and ceilings. Lee was found lying on his face on the floor of the dining-room, and had evidently been dead over two days. It does not appear that Lee's particular Saturday business would have brought him into the house where he met his death, and the supposition is, that he was induced on some pretence to enter it, and then murdered. As in the case of the late Chelsea murders, the acquisition of the victim's money seems to have prompted the West Brompton crime, as when poor Lee was found his pockets had been rifled. An inquiry was opened, on Wednesday, into the circumstances relative to the alleged murder of Lee. The evidence, however, threw very little light upon the cause of the unfortunate man's sudden disappearance, and the inquest was adjourned. Two men are said to have been arrested by the police on suspicion of having been concerned in the commission of the crime.

SWINDLING IN THE WEST.—A young gentleman, who is said to be wanted in London, Chard, and elsewhere, has been largely swindling people in North Devon. He took a house of the clergyman of a parish near Barnstaple, and made himself so attractive that the tradesmen of the neighbourhood vied with each other in supplying him with goods. Under these circumstances, he soon got his house handsomely furnished, and lived in great style with his mother until the rent day, when his inability to pay excited suspicion. A sudden check being put to his credit, the gentleman had a sale of the goods; but the creditors, for the most part, only heard of it after the bulk of the goods were disposed of, and many of them had to repurchase their own property, the proceeds of the sale being claimed by the mother under a bill of sale.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—W. DEDMAN, Lower Norwood, builder—E. N. BURGESS, Blackheath—J. H. WEITZEL, Kilburn, baker.

BANKRUPTS.—F. S. FOSTER, Fore-street, City, manager to mangle manufacturers—F. W. MOSS, Water-lane, City, and Vauxhall-walk farmer—J. A. MUNDY, Fairclough-street, Back Church-lane packing-case maker—G. PECK, Cotton-street, Linthouse, cooper—The O'DONOGHUE, D. P. M.—W. WINTER, Lower-marsh, cheesemonger—T. M. BLYTHE and A. and J. MOORE, Liverpool, merchants—S. FORD, Everton, Lancashire, china and earthenware dealer—T. HOEKINS, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, butcher—A. MEDCALFE, Romford, butcher—J. NORRIS, Liverpool—H. PAGE, Bath, accountant—E. W. R. RUDGARD, Lincoln, maltster—R. R. REYNE, Portwood, Hampshire, Lieutenant in the Army—A. SLATER, Leeds and Horsforth, cloth manufacturer—A. J. TOBINS, Liverpool, cotton broker—C. SPENCER, Sparbrook, Worcestershire, tea-dealer.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12.

BANKRUPTS.—S. ABRAHAM, Petticoat-lane, grocer—J. B. BENNETT, Holland Park, Notting-hill, draper—J. LOURIE, Fenchurch-street, merchant—J. WILLIAMS, The Vicarage, St. Giles's, Camberwell, clerk in holy orders—H. ATKINSON, Sandhurst, officer in the army—E. G. BAY, Liverpool, ironmonger—T. M. COLLEDGE and M. METCALF, North Shields, ship chandlers—E. LOCKWOOD, Batley, colliery proprietor—J. P. NORTWORTHY, Liverpool and Oxted, commission agent—M. H. W. SHERWIN, Leamside-bath, and Woolwich, muteseller—G. ELSON and J. R. TAYLOR, Nottingham, grocers—A. J. THOMAS, Liverpool, cotton broker—P. WASLEY, Waterloo, pianoforte dealer—H. WILLIAMS, Westborough, coalmaster.

NEXT OF KIN.—Just published, a Classified and Descriptive INDEX (of 20,000 Names guaranteed to Advertisers) for Next of Kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, &c., from 1700 to 1860, post-free 3s. stamps.—Mr. GULMER, 17, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

GODFREY'S MIGNON WALTZ and **LITTLE FAUST WALTZ**, on Airs from the two popular Operas of the Season. Sent free 15 stamps each by **DUNCAN DAVISON**, 244, Regent-street.

PHILOMEL WALTZ. Composed by **G. RICHARDSON**. Illustrated in Colours, with Portrait of Miss Lydia Foote. Price 4s.; half price, post-free. "One of the best Waltzes this season."—Musical Review. London: JOHN SHEPHERD, 20, Warwick-lane, E.C.

MR. HATTON'S NEW SONGS. 3s. each: free by post at half price. No. 1. O Thou who makest Wars to cease. No. 2. If a man does his duty he needn't despair. No. 3. The Cause of England's greatness. London: Published only by **ROBERT COOKS and Co.**, New Burlington-street. Order of all Musicians.

PIANOFORTES.—**MOORE and MOORE** Let their Pianofortes on Hire for Three Years; after which the instrument becomes the Property of the Hirer. Easy Terms, from 24s. per quarter. These instruments are warranted and of the best manufacture. 104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

HARMONIUMS.—**MOORE and MOORE'S** Easy Terms, from 2s. per quarter. Carriage free. Illustrated Price-List post-free. Ware-Rooms, 104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

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WALKER'S CRYSTAL-CASE WATCHES are surpassing all others. Prize Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867. Gold, from £15 15s.; Silver, 6s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 1s. 6d.; and 7s. Strand.

CHRISTIE'S PERISCOPE SPECTACLES. as recommended by Wollaston, giving more light, a wider field, and less strain upon the eyes.—George Christie, Manufacturer of the latest and most perfect Spectacles, Reading Goggles, &c., 25, Hanway-st., Oxford-street, W. Lists post-free.

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FILMER and SONS' Easy-Chairs, Couches, and Sofas. Celebrated for upwards of Forty Years for their grace and comfort. 300 different shapes of the best quality on view, and ready for immediate delivery, at their extensive Show-Rooms and Galleries, 31 and 32, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Every article marked in plain figures. Illustrated Catalogue post-free.

£1000 TO WHOEVER MAY PROVE THAT MAYAR'S SEMOLINA, which has obtained Twenty-four Prize Medals in the Great Exhibitions, is not superior and far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour, Peas, &c. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession for Infants and Invalids; also unequalled for Puddings, Custards, Blancmanges, &c.—Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Confectioners, &c., at sixpence per pound.

MORTGAGES, Loans, &c.—To Borrowers, Solicitors, and Others.—Messrs. SCOTT, MURRAY, and BLAIR, Mortgage Brokers, have various SUMS to ADVANCE on any good Security. As the market is dull, they would advise intending sellers rather to mortgage for a few years until things improve. Mortgages and Loans negotiated quickly, promptly, and at the lowest rates. No survey or other fees in advance. Agents and others introducing business liberally arranged with. 55, Fenchurch-street; and 82, Mark-lane.

TO CAPITALISTS.—Messrs. SCOTT, MURRAY, and BLAIR, Mortgage Brokers, will be happy to advise with Capitalists as to the best securities now offering. When the matter is left to their own discretion, they will invest only in the safest freehold mortgages; but when parties are anxious for a high rate of interest, they can be introduced to borrowers, on various securities, paying from 5 to 15 per cent. No consultation fee, as all charges are payable by borrower.—55, Fenchurch-street; and 82, Mark-lane.

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GLENFIELD STARCH. Exclusively used in the Royal Laundry; and her Majesty's Laundry says that "It is the finest Starch she ever used." Awarded Prize Medal for its superiority. Beware of spurious imitations.

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1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 3550, 3560, 3570, 3580, 3590, 3600, 3610, 3620, 3630, 3640, 3650, 3660, 3670, 3680, 3690, 3700, 3710, 3720, 3730, 3740, 3750, 3760, 3770, 3780, 3790, 3800, 3810, 3820, 3830, 3840, 3850, 3860, 3870, 3880, 3890, 3900, 3910, 3920, 3930, 3940, 3950, 3960, 3970, 3980, 3990, 4000, 4010, 4020, 4030, 4040, 4050, 4060, 4070, 4080, 4090, 4100, 4110, 4120, 4130, 4140, 4150, 4160, 4170, 4180, 4190, 4200, 4210, 4220, 4230, 4240, 4250, 4260, 4270, 4280, 4290, 4300, 4310, 4320, 4330, 4340, 4350, 4360, 4370, 4380, 4390, 4400, 4410, 4420, 4430, 4440, 4450, 4460, 4470, 4480, 4490, 4500, 4510, 4520, 4530, 4540, 4550, 4560, 4570, 4580, 4590, 4600, 4610, 4620, 4630, 4640, 4650, 4660, 4670, 4680, 4690, 4700, 4710, 4720, 4730, 4740, 4750, 4760, 4770, 4780, 4790, 4800, 4810, 4820, 4830, 4840, 4850, 4860, 4870, 4880, 4890, 4900, 4910, 4920, 4930, 4940, 4950, 4960, 4970, 4980, 4990, 5000, 5010, 5020, 5030, 5040, 5050, 5060, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100, 5110, 5120, 5130, 5140, 5150, 5160, 5170, 5180, 5190, 5200, 5210, 5220, 5230, 5240, 5250, 5260, 5270, 5280, 5290, 5300, 5310, 5320, 5330, 5340, 5350, 5360, 5370, 5380, 5390, 5400, 5410, 5420, 5430, 5440, 5450, 5460, 5470, 5480, 5490, 5500, 5510, 5520, 5530, 5540, 5550, 5560, 5570, 5580, 5590, 5600, 5610, 5620, 5630, 5640, 5650, 5660, 5670, 5680, 5690, 5700, 5710, 5720, 5730, 5740, 5750, 5760, 5770, 5780, 5790, 5800, 5810, 5820, 5830, 5840, 5850, 5860, 5870, 5880, 5890, 5900, 5910, 5920, 5930, 5940, 5950, 5960, 5970, 5980, 5990, 6000, 6010, 6020, 6030, 6040, 6050, 6060, 6070, 6080, 6090, 6100, 6110, 6120, 6130, 6140, 6150, 6160, 6170, 6180, 6190, 6200, 6210, 6220, 6230, 6240, 6250, 6260, 6270, 6280, 6290, 6300, 6310, 6320, 6330, 6340, 6350, 6360, 6370, 6380, 6390, 6400, 6410, 6420, 6430, 6440, 6450, 6460, 6470, 6480, 6490, 6500, 6510, 6520, 6530, 6540, 6550, 6560, 6570, 6580, 6590, 6600, 6610, 6620, 6630, 6640, 6650, 6660, 6670, 6680, 6690, 6700, 6710, 6720, 6730, 6740, 6750, 6760, 6770, 6780, 6790, 6800, 6810, 6820, 6830, 6840, 6850, 6860, 6870, 6880, 6890, 6900, 6910, 6920, 6930, 6940, 6950, 6960, 6970, 6980, 6990, 7000, 7010, 7020, 7030, 7040, 7050, 7060, 7070, 7080, 7090, 7100, 7110, 7120, 7130, 7140, 7150, 7160, 7170, 7180, 7190, 7200, 7210, 7220, 7230, 7240, 7250, 7260, 7270, 7280, 7290, 7300, 7310, 7320, 7330, 7340, 7350, 7360, 7370, 7380, 7390, 7400, 7410, 7420, 7430, 7440, 7450, 7460, 7470, 7480, 7490, 7500, 7510, 7520, 7530, 7540, 7550, 7560, 7570, 7580, 7590, 7600, 7610, 7620, 7630, 7640, 7650, 7660, 7670, 7680, 7690, 7700, 7710, 7720, 7730, 7740, 7750, 7760, 7770, 7780, 7790, 7800, 7810, 7820, 7830, 7840, 7850, 7860, 7870, 7880, 7890, 7900, 7910, 7920, 7930, 7940, 7950, 7960, 7970, 7980, 7990, 8000, 8010, 8020, 8030, 8040, 8050, 8060, 8070, 8080, 8090, 8100, 8110, 8120, 8130, 8140, 8150, 8160, 8170, 8180, 8190, 8200, 8210, 8220, 8230, 8240, 8250, 8260, 8270, 8280, 8290, 8300, 8310, 8320, 8330, 8340, 8350, 8360, 8370, 8380, 8390, 8400, 8410, 8420, 8430, 8440, 8450, 8460, 8470, 8480, 8490, 8500, 8510, 8520, 8530, 8540, 8550, 8560, 8570, 8580, 8590, 8600, 8610, 8620, 8630, 8640, 8650, 8660, 8670, 8680, 8690, 8700, 8710, 8720, 8730, 8740, 8750, 8760, 8770, 8780, 8790, 8800, 8810, 8820, 8830, 8840, 8850, 8860, 8870, 8880, 8890, 8900, 8910, 8920, 8930, 8940, 8950, 8960, 8970, 8980, 8990, 9000, 9010, 9020, 9030, 9040, 9050, 9060, 9070, 9080, 9090, 9100, 9110, 9120, 9130, 9140, 9150, 9160, 9170, 9180, 9190, 9200, 9210, 9220, 9230, 9240, 9250, 9260, 9270, 9280, 9290, 9300, 9310, 9320, 9330, 9340, 9350, 9360, 9370, 9380, 9390, 9400, 9410, 9420, 9430, 9440, 9450, 9460, 9470, 9480, 9490, 9500, 9510, 9520, 95